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The Week-end Review

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Includes poems by Stephen Spender, Antonia White and Lord Derwent; a story by Alastair Stewart; and reviews by G. W. Stonier; Raymond Mortimer; H. M. Tomlinson; K. John; Arthur Machen; Elizabeth Bowen; Ralph Partridge; Richard Hughes; J. A. Hobson; Michael Roberts; Maurice Richardson; E. S. P. Haynes.
Selected List of Autumn Books.

THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

ALL the world is talking about President Roosevelt's speech at Chicago—and most of the world is asking what exactly it meant. There is evidently room for doubt. He speaks of concerted effort by the peace-loving nations to resist aggressors, or put them in "quarantine," and he warns the American people of the dangers of isolation. But he also insists that his policy will be to adopt every practicable measure to avoid being involved in war. The two policies may, of course, be compatible; but there will be many Americans who will think they are not. That the President contemplates bringing the United States at long last into the League of Nations is hardly credible. Even if he wished for that, American opinion would be overwhelmingly against it. That he genuinely desires a more active co-operation in upholding peace and freedom there need be no doubt. But how, where and when, we have yet to learn.

Sanctions Against Japan?

What bearing has Mr. Roosevelt's speech on the war in the Far East? Is it an intimation that the U.S.A. is ready to join with Great Britain in taking those measures against Japan which have been so widely demanded in this country—by the Labour Party and the Liberals, by the great meeting at the Albert Hall on Tuesday and by many lesser meetings up and down the land? It is significant that on the morrow of the speech the State Department issued a strong condemnation of Japan; and it is expected that the U.S.A. will take part in the Conference of the Nine-Power Treaty signatories which is being summoned at the instance of the League. As to the British Government, their lips are still sealed. There is no reason to believe they are anxious to apply coercion to Japan, and nobody, of course, expects them to do so single-handed. But supposing America really means business, the case is altered, and the country will require the Government to show cause why they should not take action. If action is to be taken, the time is now and not next year. Fierce fighting is going on in China and the

butchery is heavy. It is true that the death-roll of civilian non-combatants has dropped in the past week; but it may mount again at any moment. And, in any case, is the safety of non-combatants the sole ground on which protests are made and a boycott of Japan called for?

Spain, the League and Italy

After a long struggle in committee the resolution on Spain was put before the League Assembly last Saturday. Its terms had been watered down so as to give the least possible offence to the timider or more fascistically minded States; but, even so, it was thrown out by the hostile votes of Portugal and Albania. Fourteen other States abstained, their main objection being to the passages referring to the "foreign volunteers" and to the possibility of reconsidering the policy of non-intervention. The League, as such, therefore, washes its hands of the Spanish war. There is no sign that Mussolini means to wash his hands of it. Rome has not replied to the Anglo-French invitation to a Three-Power talk, and there does not seem much prospect of agreement, even if the talk should take place. Meanwhile there has been another act of piracy in the Mediterranean—an attack on H.M.S. *Basilisk* by an "unknown" submarine. There is no evidence that the pirate was Italian; very likely she was one of Franco's. Still more disturbing—especially in view of the new offensive which Franco is expected to start very shortly—are the reports of further consignments of Italian aeroplanes and other Italian reinforcements to Spain. "Critic," in his diary from Valencia, which we publish on a later page, gives a hopeful account of the Republican morale and powers of resistance; but hopes, as he indicates, must be tempered by fears of the continued and increased aid by Italy to the rebels.

Strong Measures in Palestine

Very drastic measures were taken by the Government in Palestine at the end of last week. Besides arresting a large number of suspected persons, they have packed off four of the principal Nationalist leaders to the Seychelles, declared the Arab Higher Committee illegal, and deposed the Mufti of Jerusalem from the presidency of the Supreme Moslem Council. All this has naturally given satisfaction to the Jews, and perhaps to the more moderate Arab opinion—though that does not find much public expression. The country is quiet at the moment, and we hope it will remain so. But no sensible person will suppose that these arrests, deportations and proscriptions —justifiable as they doubtless are in the present emergency—will cut off the head or cut out the heart of Arab nationalism in Palestine. Egypt and India provide lessons on that. Nor will it check—it may indeed intensify—pressure and intrigue from without. It is urgent that the new Commission of Inquiry should get down, with the least possible delay, to its task of finding a solution to the Palestine problem. That solution, we still believe, will have to be partition, though the scheme may differ in its details from the original proposals.

The French Left in Retreat

The results of the Rambouillet Council of Ministers suggest that MM. Blum and Jouhaux are still conducting a retreat which may, or may not, be strategically wise. They have endorsed M. Bonnet's determination to adhere to sound, liberal principles and to avoid at all cost exchange control; they have approved *en principe* the "modification" of the 40-hour week on lines yet to be disclosed; and they have promised that Socialist victories in the forthcoming Cantonal elections will not be allowed to impair the solidity of the Front Populaire—now standing like an inverted pyramid on its Radical apex. The reactions of this decision on the currency outlook are discussed in our City page. From the wider political angle, the question is whether Socialist attachment to the Front, at the cost of successive concessions to capitalist pressure, may not encourage Big Business in its campaign to establish a Right-Centre Government. But for the capitalists' strike, their refusal to invest in French industry or repatriate their foreign balances, the economic position of France would improve and the franc find equilibrium. Can M. Blum afford indefinitely to co-operate with a Premier and Finance Minister who will never recognise that, if it comes to a final trial of strength between capitalism and the Popular Front, the Left must use weapons of its own choosing, like State control of banking and the bourses.

The Fascists in Bermondsey

The Fascist march in South London on Sunday, with all its inevitable consequences, was a deplorable affair. The proceedings have been described by the Bishop of Kingston in a letter to the *Times* as "an infernal nuisance." They were that—and a good deal more. We have had numerous accounts from thoroughly reliable eye-witnesses of the savage scenes that took place—scenes in which not merely "hooligans" but the police frequently behaved with brutality to the innocent as well as the guilty. There are, of course, strong arguments against the banning of political demonstrations. But, as we pointed out a few weeks ago, these Fascist processions are in a class by themselves, and demand exceptional treatment. They are not ordinary legitimate propaganda; they are deliberately and scandalously provocative. Sir Oswald Mosley and his friends preach day in and day out the vilest anti-Semitism. They have already made a bear-garden of the East End, and it is intolerable that they should be allowed to divert their mischievous activities to other parts of London. Since this march was unfortunately permitted, it would have been better tactics, in our opinion, if the advice of the London Labour Party had been followed, and there had been no attempt at counter-demonstration. It was not, indeed, a triumph for the Fascists, despite Sir Oswald Mosley's boast "We have passed again!" They only "passed" part of the way to their meeting-place—and that with difficulty and under the close protection of thousands of police. But they also got another cheap advertisement—cheap for them, dear for others.

The Local Labour Parties Get Their Way

At the Labour Party Conference the local constituency organisations got their way in all that mattered. For the future they will have increased representation on the Executive and—will elect their own representatives, instead of having them chosen by the whole Conference. Moreover, the changes in the Constitution have come into force at once, instead of being delayed, as Mr. Bevin demanded, until after the next Conference. On this question of postponement of the changes, the Executive

was prepared to give way to Mr. Bevin; but the Conference held, after deciding the principle, that delay would be foolish. On the general issue, Trade Union opinion was sharply divided. Mr. Bevin's own Union was split; the Railwaymen were against the change, and the Railway Clerks for it, the Miners for it and the General Workers against. But it was plain that the opposition had few arguments except those derived from dislike of Sir Stafford Cripps and his followers; and in the discussion the advocates of the Local Parties had matters all their own way. One of their grievances remains to be dealt with—the practical disfranchisement of poor Parties which cannot afford to send a delegate to Conference. The possibility of meeting this problem by pooling expenses is to be considered by the incoming Executive.

The "United Front"

The changes thus made in the Labour Party Conference and Executive go a long way towards democratising the party machine. In these circumstances, it would be senseless for the advocates of the "United Front," who met with the overwhelming defeat which everyone knew was certain, to go on with their campaign in any form which would make inevitable their expulsion from the Labour Party. They cannot, of course, be expected to give up their beliefs; but it is plain common sense to try the effects of the changes now made in the Party before provoking disciplinary action. Fortunately, there are signs that the need for caution is realised. There are plenty of ways—over Spain, China, and other issues—in which the advocates of "Unity" can go on expressing their beliefs without giving the new Executive (on which Sir Stafford Cripps and Professor Laski have both secured seats) any reasonable ground for objection. We hope all those who have stated their desire to remain within the Party mean by that desire an intention to act in this way. In some quarters, Sir Stafford's resignation from the chairmanship of the Association of Constituency Labour Parties has been interpreted in a contrary sense; but it is surely reasonable to accept his own explanation, and to believe that he resigned in order to give the Association a less embarrassing figure-head and a more favourable start.

The Cost of Living Inquiry

The Ministry of Labour is now setting about its inquiry into the budgets of working-class households, with a view to laying down a new basis for reckoning changes in the cost of living. The existing basis, which rests on budgets of pre-war vintage, is very much out of date; and again and again the compilation of a new standard has been discussed. A full inquiry was in contemplation, for example, in 1929, when many people believed that the period of post-war price instability was at an end—on the very eve of the world depression which drove one country after another off the gold standard and sent prices rushing down. Now, prices are moving again fast enough to make it highly desirable to carry through the investigation at once. Probably the new standard will not make so much difference in practice as many seem to expect; there are offsetting forces which prevent the existing methods of calculation from being nearly so misleading as some of the individual items would suggest. It is, however, all to the good that a new standard should be laid down; and it is to be hoped that more attention will be paid in it to items of expenditure, such as the cost of travel to and from work and other "miscellaneous" items, which are either left out altogether at present or reckoned up in too haphazard a fashion.

The Location of Industry

The Royal Commission on the Location of Industry has begun to take evidence from the Ministry of Health. In the view of the Ministry, nothing that has been done by the local authorities has been of major importance in influencing the movement of industry in any particular direction. It is denied that low rates have been a primary factor in causing employers to choose one area in preference to another, and also that local authorities have made it attractive for industries to come to them by providing houses in advance of the movement of population. Accessibility of raw materials, of sources of cheap power, and of a supply of suitable labour, proximity to markets, and facilities for transport have remained, in the judgment of the Ministry, the principal determining factors. Of matters under the control of the local authorities, only the provision of a cheap water supply is regarded as having been of much effect. All this may be true enough; but it by no means follows, because "political" factors *have* exerted relatively little influence, that they *can* exert little. The Government ought to assume, and thereafter apply in conjunction with the local authorities, sufficient powers to enable it to prevent the piling up of industry and population round the fringes of London and other large towns.

The "Post" is Missed

The passing of the *Morning Post* has left Fleet Street the poorer. Despite its new proprietor's promise, few features of that gallant defender of lost causes, and still fewer traces of its pungent urbanity, survive. The cumbrously titled *Daily Telegraph and Morning Post* is to all intents and purposes the *Daily Telegraph*, product of the safe, competent mediocrity of the Berry Brothers' ramified press combine. In announcing the amalgamation, Lord Camrose emphasised the "independence" of the *Telegraph* and his own dissociation from "any newspaper combine." Dissociation is a word capable of many meanings. Since the reshuffle of shareholdings and directorships which took place last January, Lord Camrose personally controls the *Daily Telegraph*, *Financial Times* and the serried mass of periodicals published by the Amalgamated Press; and he is also a director of the *Western Mail*. The *Daily Sketch*, *Sunday Times*, *Sunday Graphic*, *Sunday Chronicle*, *Empire News* and fourteen provincial dailies are controlled by his brother, Lord Kemsley, and by Lord Iliffe, who is a life director of the *Daily Telegraph* and has been closely associated with the Berry Brothers from the early days of their invasion of Fleet Street from South Wales. The triumvirate is intact, even if share-control has been methodically parcelled out. The *Daily Telegraph*, considered as a news sheet is excellent; its professions of detachment from the spiritual inhibitions of intimacy with press trustification are not quite convincing.

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THE WHEELS SLOW DOWN

BEHIND the moves and counter-moves on the world's high political stage a development is going on whose significance cannot be overlooked. Even those newspaper readers who barely glance at the financial pages can hardly fail to be aware by this time that something has gone badly wrong with the capitalist works. Since the middle of August there has been a violent stock-market slump, both in London and New York; the resulting destruction of paper wealth has run into thousands of millions, and the slump has not been confined to shares. Simultaneously the prices of commodities, on which the purchasing power of primary producing countries depends, have been tumbling fast. In sharp contrast to the forecasts of shortage and boom prices, which led to a short-lived speculative bubble, notably in the metal market, last spring, there is now talk of all-round impending glut and the re-imposition of restriction schemes. On both sides of the Atlantic pessimism is dominating business mentality; by a *volte face* astonishing in its suddenness the capitalist world has become slump-minded.

To ascribe this development to belated recognition of incipient world war conditions is an incomplete explanation. In the present state of market psychology President Roosevelt's warning at Chicago that "the security of every nation is threatened" led to a fresh bout of liquidation in Wall Street; but six months ago his words would scarcely have caused a ripple on the financial waters, and though battle news from China was not then figuring on the front pages of the daily press, international relations in Europe last spring were little less strained than to-day. The wheels are slowing down, not because the Dictators or the Mikado's General Staff have thrown a monkey-wrench into the machinery, but for reasons purely economic and inherent in the structure of capitalism.

In this country the symptoms of disequilibrium which prelude a downward turn in the trade cycle are still obscured by the artificial stimulus to production afforded by the rearmament programme. Diagnosis is easier in the case of the United States. There, it is becoming evident, under-investment on this occasion is producing its nemesis. Up to a point, American recovery could and did proceed merrily on the basis of cheap and ample supplies of banking credit supporting a consumer demand which was expanded by vast relief expenditure and, subsequently, rapid wage increases. The penalty was the absence of any proportionate revival of investment in the capital goods industries—housing, railways and the power utilities. Partly because rising wages and costs bade fair to destroy profit margins, partly through mistrust of the Government's New Deal proclivities, American capital—as the past year's quiescence in the U.S. new issue market indicates—has hung back, as French capital has done, from investment in fixed plant and construction. Without such investment, consumer demand reached this summer, as it was bound to do, temporary saturation point. Manufacturers' order books have since grown thinner; the intake by industry of raw materials and steel has been abruptly curtailed; stocks of commodities built up in expectation of an autumn boom now look redundant and show heavy inventory losses at current prices. If de-stocking, i.e., negative investment, develops on a large scale, the reactions on the prices of raw materials and hence on the prosperity of primary producers may easily convert what is so far a moderate set-back to American activity into another world economic crisis.

This country cannot expect to be immune. With the peak of rearmament production not far distant, Britain's continued prosperity depends primarily on expansion of export trade. The chances of such expansion, never rosy in an increasingly autarkist world, are dwindling with the slump in commodity prices, and will sink to zero if the American depression deepens. The simultaneous and almost parallel declines registered since spring by the indices of Wall Street and Throgmorton Street share values are no mere correction of last winter's bullish speculation, which the gold scares, N.D.C. and President Roosevelt's comminations against booms combined to deflate. They reflect capitalism's very real apprehension that a world slump, whose date used to be put not earlier than 1940, may have already begun, that the United States is now well on the down-grade, and that the impact of depression in Britain, where building has long passed its peak, cannot be deferred by rearmament orders alone for more than a few months. These fears may be exaggerated, but they are not groundless, and their existence increases the odds against maintenance of industrial activity. Entrepreneurs do not function in markets which, they believe, are due to fall.

Can capitalism succeed in smoothing out the threatened depression or, at least, in mitigating its severity? There are favourable and unfavourable factors. On the one hand, there is as yet no such accumulation of unsold stocks of commodities as that which heralded the price collapse of 1930. Production of key materials has only just begun to exceed world consumption, and the machinery for limitation of output painfully evolved by international agreements during the last depression is ready to hand. Above all, the shortage of monetary gold which led to the 1931 crisis in a world whose currencies were then mostly linked to that metal is no longer an operative factor to-day: there is no need for defensive deflations to protect exchange rates. On the other hand, the present situation of interest rates is radically different from that which has preluded past depressions. It is not a case, this time, of speculative over-investment leading to restrictively dear money. On the contrary, money is abnormally cheap; the traditional tonic of bank rate reductions cannot effectively be applied. Furthermore, though autonomous control of managed "off-gold" currencies gives Governments greater freedom to institute remedial "works," the position of budgets—already out of balance as a result of armaments expenditure—is such that the public purse-strings cannot well be loosed without provoking among the holders of capital *crises de confiance* inhibiting to non-governmental enterprise. Finally, experience has proved that restriction of output is a desperate remedy whose effect, even though it may avert immediate financial chaos, is to prolong the period of depression.

The possibility of a temporary rally in the United States cannot be wholly disregarded; the forces of recovery may not yet be utterly spent. But on the whole it looks as though President Roosevelt's attempt to kick American capitalism into prosperity and to hold it up by

deliberately inflating the purchasing power of the consumer has failed; and, *mutatis mutandis*, this may be true for all countries. Consumers are also employees, their wages form part of the costs of production, and the old dilemma of capitalism remains unsolved: there is either over-investment because the workers are being exploited or under-investment (as recently most marked in the U.S.A. and France) because profit, actual or prospective, is insufficiently attractive.

Will changes in the economic background have repercussions, beneficial or otherwise, on international politics? The odds are incalculable. It is arguable that recurrence of "over-production" of commodities and the re-emergence of the buyers' market of 1930–34 should ease the difficulties under which the non-colonial Powers profess they are labouring. Access to raw materials is a less pressing need when materials are superabundant and prices low. On the other hand, if it becomes easier and less expensive for potential aggressors to lay in emergency stocks of metals, rubber, textile materials, oil and grain, the ultimate chances for peace may be worsened, rather than improved. All that we can safely infer from present market indications is that dictatorships and democracies alike may have to frame their policies for some time ahead against a background not of reviving industry, soaring profits and increased employment, but of renewed business losses, gathering queues of workless and economic stagnation.

MORE DRUGS FOR CHINA

WHEREVER the Japanese army goes, morphia and cocaine follow. They may be regarded as aids to pacification; they are certainly esteemed as producers of revenue. It is a subject that has never received the attention in England that it deserves. When the Opium Committee meets at Geneva there are sometimes some awkward questions, which greatly astonish the Japanese delegate, who promises to make inquiries and assures the committee that there is nothing nearer the heart of his Government than the suppression of the drug traffic; but, alas! his Government finds it as difficult to trace the traffickers in drugs as to discover the shooters of ambassadors. An occasional stoker or steward is caught with the goods on him and sent to prison for a short term, but the bigger men never by any chance get caught.

At one of these Geneva meetings, Mr. Sugimura Yotaro frankly confessed that the evidence was damning, but promised that something should be done. "We are a nation of Samurai; with us honour is more important than anything else," quoth he. But honour, after all, was not so important as revenue, and the trade has gone on increasing. No doubt a good many Englishmen have an uneasy feeling that we have not always been Samurai. They think of the Opium War, and are rather shy of saying much on the subject. Some knowledge of the facts would be the best antidote to this diffidence.

If anybody reads Macaulay's speeches nowadays, he will know that the Opium War did not deserve its name. According to that very eminent authority Sir John Strachey, China produced a great deal more opium herself than she ever bought from India, just as England produces beer in much larger quantities than the champagne that she buys from France, and the attempt to exclude Indian opium was for the benefit of the home industry. The excuse is not altogether satisfactory, but to enforce free trade is a different matter from enforcing the import of deleterious drugs.

Conscientious Britons fought continually against the opium trade, however, and when at length the Manchu dynasty was overthrown and a promising republican Government supplanted it, an agreement was readily entered into that exports of Indian opium to China should be reduced by one-tenth every year, the new Government, for its own part, undertaking to suppress the cultivation of the opium poppy, and, with the consent of the Treaty Powers, putting an absolute embargo on the importation of dangerous narcotic drugs. It had been foreseen that there was some danger of the alkaloids replacing the comparatively bulky opium, but as the Maritime Customs was efficiently managed under foreign supervision, it was hoped that the ban would be effectual. It was particularly important, for while the majority of consumers of opium suffer little harm, morphia, heroin, or cocaine are always evil.

At first all went well. Poppy-growing was suppressed and imports progressively reduced. When troubles came to the new republic, and generals took both civil and military charge of the provinces, there were reports that the more corrupt were raising money by issuing licences for the growing of opium poppies. But the British Government made no attempt to go back on its bargain, and the Chinese authorities burnt their stocks of imported opium annually.

The Japanese dealers saw to it that China got morphia instead. The chief makers were in London and Edinburgh, and they imported it from them. Then, the reader may be inclined to think, it was really the Indian opium in a worse form? Not at all. Morphia is a legitimate article of commerce, and there was no objection to executing orders from Japan. Besides, Persian opium was the usual source, this containing a larger content of the alkaloid. It was soon noticed that, rapidly as Japan's imports increased, there were no complaints of addiction in Japan, but many of the increase of Japanese drug shops and drug pedlars in China. Japan captured the German port of Kiaochao in 1914, and overran all the province of Shantung, which they dominated for years, and drug shops by the hundred opened all over the province. Mr. Woodhead, Editor of the *Peking and Tientsin Times*, published maps showing the location of these shops and giving many details of the traffic. By 1917 the scandal attracted attention in Europe despite the preoccupation with the World War. The British Government asked Japan what were her legitimate requirements, to which the Tokyo Government replied, putting its needs at the modest figure of 30,000 ounces. (Some authorities think the figure is rather low.) It was agreed, thereupon, that British exports to Japan should be restricted to 30,000 ounces, and that every consignment should be accompanied by a Japanese consular certificate that it was required only for *bona fide* medical purposes. No such certificates were ever granted, but the imports into Japan rose to over 800,000 ounces in 1920, imported chiefly from the United States.

The American Government was moved, in due course, to put an end to this, but by this time Japan was producing still more herself. In the twenty miles between Osaka and Kyoto alone the present writer has counted more than a hundred fields glorious with great white opium poppies, but the chief places of production are Korea and Formosa. In Formosa coca is also grown and cocaine manufactured, thus eliminating the purchases of Javanese coca leaves, of which Japan was in the 1920's the largest importer.

It is only natural that this trade should be associated with corruption. The Dairen Opium Monopoly has been the centre of repeated scandals, in which men of eminence are involved but never punished. Mr. Hoshi, a manufacturing chemist who had a high idea of the value of his services to the State as the first manufacturer of alkaloids on a commercial scale, was fined a million yen for irregularities in his opium imports, but was excused the fine on appeal. In ports where Japanese, on the grounds of the importance of Japanese interests, have managed to get into the Customs service, it has always been easy to contrive the illicit import of drugs from Japan.

It would be exaggerating the case, perhaps, to describe morphia as a major factor in Japan's China policy, but it is unquestionably an important one. When Manchukuo was created, there was some doubt as to whether Jehol should be

included, and it was notable that, for some time preceding the conquest of that province, a campaign went on in the Japanese press, in which an excessive bitterness and scorn were expressed over "the opium province." The common charge was that the revenues were gained mainly by the growth of the opium poppy, and it was plain that this bitterness was due to a feeling that nobody but Japan had any right to make such profits. Even Shanghai came in for a share in the Japanese righteous indignation, for there were complaints that the Chinese had learnt the art of extracting morphia and were illicitly practising it in Shanghai, as well as further north.

After the conquest of Jehol the Japanese followed the retreating troops into intramural China, and throughout a large area made themselves masters of the land, with "such garrisons as were needed for the protection of Japanese subjects"—a regime which culminated tragically on July 7th this year in the beginning of a new campaign on false pretexts. As soon as the Japanese established their military posts in the summer of 1933, a swarm of Japanese and Korean drug sellers came in, and began their work of poisoning the populace. If any local Chinese official interfered with them, he was promptly removed. There was even a technique for removing him; for one of the Japanese requirements when they established themselves was that Chinese officials who were anti-Japanese or otherwise obnoxious should be removed.

In 1935 Miss Muriel Lester made an investigation of this iniquity, and went to see Mr. Kawagoe (then Consul-General at Tientsin and now Ambassador to China) about it. Mr. Kawagoe gave an excellent example of the Japanese method of sizing up his interviewer and giving a reply calculated to please. Very impressively he told this well-known evangelist that what the people needed to save them from such bad habits was *more religion*.

It is now the experience of twenty-five years that, wherever Japanese influence extends in China, so does Chinese drug-addiction, and where Japanese military dominance exists, the trade is unrestricted. It is a not unimportant point that the enormous profits accruing are not mentioned in any official documents. Morphia, heroin, and cocaine are truly an "invisible export," and one needs to be extremely ingenuous to suppose that active military support is given to a lot of Japanese and Korean rapscallions merely because they are Japanese. Perhaps our ideas, gathered from official statistics, that Japan's military resources are financially straitened, do less than justice to the business ability of Far-Eastern military genius.

A. MORGAN YOUNG

SPANISH DIARY

Valencia, October 3rd.

PORTELA VALLADARES, the Conservative Republican leader who returned from France for the Cortes last Friday, referred in his sensational speech to the normal appearance, the order and industry he found in Republican Spain. It is the immediate, the dominant and, oddly enough, the correct impression. Life in Barcelona, Valencia and even Madrid goes on with far less disturbance than anyone could have thought possible. There are no taxis, for petrol is short; the lights are dim at night, for there is always a chance of air-raids; the choice of food is limited and there are queues. There are a million and more refugees to look after in Catalonia and there are soldiers and armed police in the streets. But the cinemas are full, the cafés are crowded and the gardeners are planting out chrysanthemums in the public squares in Barcelona.

* * *

The day I arrived in Barcelona was punctuated by air-raid alarms. But the raids were mainly on outlying villages. The day after I left there was a serious raid, bombs and machine-guns, with school-children as victims. Just why Franco should want to unite and rouse to fury the individualistic, reluctant but tenacious Catalonians, I don't know. They have been slow to feel themselves fully involved in the wa but the charred corpses of their children are impressive evidenc Catalonians are now fighting in the regular army of the Republi and played their part in the recent victory at Belchite on th Aragon front. Their organisation is rapidly improving Companys, their Prime Minister, with whom my frien Geoffrey Brereton and I had half an hour's conversation pointed with pride to a stack of new charts and reports co taining details of all the now very busy and fully organise war industries and munition factories. Companys is humorous, modest, interesting figure with a reputation fo uniting, as far as anyone can, the fractions which normall compose the gyroscope of Catalonian politics.

* * *

I had just finished writing this last paragraph when th warning hooters went. It is a cloudy Sunday morning suitabl for an air-raid. Here the crowds are not yet disciplined b long experience, but they know enough to run inside whe the sirens go. Then the anti-aircraft began and five bombing planes—Heinkels they tell me—could be seen with the shrapne bursting beneath them. They had time to circle round and drop their bombs down on the poor quarters near the dock before there was a great burst of cheering and clapping from the people who, in spite of instructions, crowded the streets to watch the raid. I looked up. No wonder they were pleased Government defence planes flying at a tremendous speed swoop across the sky. "Mexican planes," they say laughing and cheering. Let there be no doubt of one thing. As long as there is any defence at all—a few anti-aircraft guns or a handful of defence planes, the morale of the civil population will not be broken, but improved by raids. The defence planes on this occasion were far too late. Never mind; they would be earlier next time, and every sporting instinct is roused by seeing the chasers arrive and follow after the retreating bombers. Even without defence people don't give in because they are bombed. Madrid proved that in September and October of last year. The effect is to increase resolution and bitterness. They would all die sooner than surrender to terrorism and they are contemptuous of countries which only pretend to be on the side of the democratic victims of the Fascist invader. Their gratitude and devotion will be given to those peoples which send positive help. And it will be lasting gratitude.

* * *

The political situation is improved by the formation of a new U.G.T. and the defeat of Caballero. Caballero is a good old Trade Unionist, respected by most people and until recently the revered leader of the great majority of the working class. But that was all; nothing could have been more absurd than the title of "Spanish Lenin." Those were not his qualities. Some of his actions recently have suggested softening of the brain. To expel the Asturian miners from the U.G.T. on the nominal ground that they were behind with their Union dues, just at the moment of their desperate and isolated life and death struggle with the Fascists, is scarcely explicable, except on the assumption of a failing mind. Many people think this ludicrous gesture, coupled with the decision to expel, because they opposed him, the majority of the Unions that composed the U.G.T., means the end of Caballero's influence. After the reconstruction of the U.G.T. under its new President, Caballero (as if to remind one of a famous incident at the British Admiralty during the Great War) refused to move from his offices and amused discussion still turns on whether he goes home for the night or has food for a week and so forth. I saw lorries of armed police arrive, ready for action; but the Government avoided bloodshed and the prevalent opinion is that for the time at least Caballero no longer counts for anything in Spanish politics.

* * *

The Labour Party did a popular thing in sending out M Dobbie and Mr. Thurtle to the Cortes. They made an excellent impression. On Friday night the English M.P.s and a few others here for the Cortes had dinner with Dr. Negrin, the

Prime Minister, after his day's work. It was past 11 p.m. when we sat down. He is an impressive person, a doctor and professor by training, strong, realistic and humane. It is greatly in his favour that no one thinks of him as a "politician"; he is above and outside the scheming groups of Spanish politics. The other strong man of the Cabinet is Prieto, fat, bald and admitted to be efficient even by the Communists. There are weak spots in this Government and it is a mistake that Del Vayo is not Foreign Minister—except, in effect, at Geneva. I have found no one so far of any section of opinion who doubts that this Government can win and that it would use victory moderately and wisely—always provided that Italian intervention is stopped. If it continues I see no prospect, whichever side nominally "wins," of any conclusion except an utter exhaustion, wholesale massacre and the peace of a desert. If Italy is made to withdraw, while a moderate and humane Republican Government is still in office, there may yet be peace and reconstruction in Spain. CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to Miss M. Bunbury.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

Extracts should not be sent without their context. The article or passage should be sent in full with the proposed excerpt marked.

Nineteen sandwich boards, hung on the railings of All Hallows' Church (Wellingboro') by permission of the Vicar's Warden, were taken down by the . . . Urban Council and destroyed. The Vicar's Warden declared he had been under a misapprehension, thinking he was giving permission to . . . the Tank Corps to exhibit recruiting posters. "I found out afterwards," he said, "that they were Anti-war posters."—*Peace News.*

There is no mystery or concealment about life in his Majesty's prisons, and surprise visits from responsible people are welcomed. We have many such visits to Maidstone Prison, and visitors almost invariably seem pleasantly surprised at what they have seen, and although asked to make any suggestions for improvements, make very few. On the contrary several visitors have remarked that the prisoners "seem rather pampered." One visitor in particular was astonished to hear that the prisoners had been shown a film of the Coronation.—*Times.*

Seldom have men spent so much money improving their appearance as they are spending to-day. Some even have special perfumes—leather and tweed—which they use behind the ears to make women admire them.—*Sunday Dispatch.*

Mr. Robert Adam, General Secretary—"Are Courtship and Marriage Enemies or Allies of the Y.M.C.A.?"—Y.M.C.A. lecture list.

With regard to the appeal at present being made for the Building Fund of the Midland Gliding Club, I am indebted to the "Post" for raising, in its leader to-day, the question of the preservation of the beauty of the countryside and for its request for fuller information on the layout of the building. We are all, to a man, lovers of the hill tops and the quiet places of the earth; and it is for this reason that we do not propose erecting several buildings, but *one* only, as a complete unit. This has been especially designed to conform to the gentle contours of the Mynd, and in appearance is somewhat similar to an Eastern mosque.—*Birmingham Post.*

The English traveller in France often comes across names of his countrymen carved on some well-known building, or on a rock, and although such discoveries at home mean nothing, when he is abroad they speak to him of England. A visitor to the cathedral of Strassburg, the famous cathedral whose spire is 97 feet higher than the top of St. Paul's London, recently found a number of signatures of travellers from the British Isles carved on the high platform which overlooks the Vosges and the Rhine. They are not names just scraped with the point of a knife, but are cut deep into the stone, in many cases with a frame cut round them. Before the more humble names of our fellow countrymen who have left these homely little records of their wanderings in France we stand and wonder.—*Surrey Mirror and County Post.*

THE YOUTH MOVEMENT IN GERMANY

BETWEEN April and September of last year I spent three months working in an official position in the foreign department of the headquarters of the Hitler Youth in Berlin (*Auslandsamt der Reichs-Jugend Fuhrung*). During this period I had a possibly unique opportunity of observing the whole organisation and the most important personnel of this, the biggest youth movement that exists in Western Europe. It was a most interesting experience. "How far," I wondered as I set out, "will the Nazis have succeeded in dominating the minds of young people in Germany to-day, most of whose parents would have been Left in their political views before 1933, by means of propaganda? To what extent are these officials, among whom I am about to work, their leaders in any sense of the word?" For the first week or two, one was left with an impression of businesslike bustle and efficiency; a multitude of uniformed officials who addressed each other by the familiar "du," and visions of troops of extremely healthy looking schoolboys singing militaristic songs with great gusto. This, I have gathered since my return, is in fact the impression which an ordinary visitor, who spends perhaps a month on a hiking tour and talks to a few people for ten minutes, has been wont to receive. Such people come back and announce in all sincerity, "Yes, it is true you know, these Nazis have been so successful with their propaganda that they have the support of the whole Hitler Youth."

I was to work in the foreign department where, determined to utilise every opportunity for propaganda abroad, more particularly in this country, Hitler and Schirach have made extensive use of the contacts which can be obtained through the Hitler Youth. The R.J.F. department for foreign affairs and for German youths living abroad had become important. They were paid marked attention by the three existing foreign offices—those of the State, Rosenberg and Ribbentrop. Each tried to exert most influence over our office. This merely increased the friction which already existed between them in their efforts to obtain the ear of Hitler to advocate their contradictory policies. This is in part the explanation of the incredibly stupid blunders which sometimes occur in German foreign policy, which make even the Conservative press in this country critical of the methods of the German civil service, and offer such encouragement to those who perceive the futility of an Anglo-German alliance. Nevertheless it also led to the establishment of wide propaganda organisations among the well-drilled Hitler Youth living abroad, notably in Belgium, South Africa and England. It should be remembered that no Hitler Youth boy can come here without the permission of the person responsible (who lives in London), and therefore all the boys one meets here (for example in Anglo-German camps), are trusted propagandists.

After three weeks among the leaders of this organisation of six million, to which all German boys except Jews are forced to belong, I came to the conclusion that they did not possess many of those qualities which we regard as essential to "leadership." In the foreign department it was impossible to pick out one man and say with honesty that the main motive which underlay his behaviour was anything but ambition. So far as one could judge from actions, they had neither a sense of departmental *esprit de corps* nor of loyalty to one another; each man was quite willing to sacrifice another in order that he might benefit himself and this frequently happened; officials dismissed subordinates without justification, and sent off reports on their superior's behaviour to the Gestapo on the sly. Some of these supposedly trusted youth leaders were, or so they privately informed me, actively working against Hitler's policy and wanted the old youth movements back. This is sufficiently shown by the fact that the entire foreign department, from the secretaries to the "Gebietsführer," was dismissed once in October of last year, and in the case of most of those who were recruited, again in May of this year. It is impossible

in this country, where youth movements are still in their infancy, to draw a parallel to show what such reshuffling entailed.

Those officials who were real Nazis were far more objectionable. Apart from their self-interest they were, as I subsequently discovered, quite out of touch with the rank and file of the movement. They made a fine show strutting round Berlin in their resplendent uniforms and taking salutes standing on the plush seats of their Mercedes-Benz. Of Schirach himself, the leader of the whole Hitler Youth, even the real Nazis had not a good word to say. They did not, of course, openly criticise him; he was appointed by Adolf Hitler and surface loyalty was therefore essential. Those officials who were not Nazis loathed him as a conceited and narrow-minded man. The office itself, probably on account of the private intrigues that went on, was inefficient.

During the period of my service under Hitler, and ever since I left Germany, I have been in constant touch with the leaders of the opposition youth movements, as well as spending six months of the last two years in boys' camps. Few people in England have any conception of the strength, numerical and moral, of these organisations, which constitute perhaps the most crucial problem of Nazi Germany at present. It is simple; will or will not the militaristic ideology which the propaganda ministries disseminate prove sufficiently attractive to the minds of the generation now attaining the age of reason (I mean sixteen and seventeen) to outbalance the influence of the older boys and develop them into unthinking National Socialists? The Nazis know that the older generation, who are now from 18 to 25 years old, are beyond the pale; they will never forget or cease to try and attain the ideals which they held before 1933. At the time of the disbanding of the Catholic Youth organisations, two million of them entered the Hitler Youth, the S.A. and the Reichswehr. In this way the Nazis hoped to separate them from the influence of the Church: they failed, and they know it. Then, more recently, they have attempted to attack the leading Catholics quite openly, accusing them of high treason and homosexual crimes. In the Catholic districts of Westphalia, they force all holiday-makers on the "Kraft durch Freude" expeditions to visit the asylums containing boys "ruined" by the priests. I was at a camp of so-called Hitler Youth near Siegen for a month last year, and they are in no doubt as to who "ruined" these boys! Of the hundred Catholic Youth leaders arrested in the Rhineland in February, 1936, Dr. Clemens (General-Sekretar des Katholischen Jungmännerverbandes) and Dr. Rossaint (condemned to eleven years' imprisonment for high treason) have become heroes. The terrorism has failed, but has not ceased. Thirty-three boys of the Niekische Wandervogel are now awaiting secret trial in North Bavaria: the Kittelbach-Piraten have just been banned for the *third* time; fifty young Catholics are awaiting secret trial in the Rhineland; the Bundische Jugend as a whole was banned for the *fourth* time on May 13th, 1937. The "Streifen Dienst," instituted to enable Hitler Youth leaders to search any boy's house at any time of the day or night throughout Germany, has come into the control of Catholics in the vital districts, and elsewhere, boys who are imprisoned for holding illegal Bible classes, feel themselves to be martyrs. Much the same process has occurred among the other youth movements—the Bundische Jugend, the Boy Scouts and the Socialist Youth. The Boy Scouts want to be Boy Scouts again—a number of twelve and thirteen year old boys crossed the frontier to attend the recent Jamboree at Amsterdam. I met between fifty and sixty there in two days. The Bundische Jugend, a nationalist youth movement more national than the Nazis, wish for their freedom again, freedom to go camping with anyone they like, not merely with those who belong to their troop of the Hitler Youth, and live in the same street. But to break this law is to commit treason. To mention the name "Einst Elf," a Bundische troop that has been banned times without number, but which always resurrects itself, brightens the face of the majority of German boys. Of the non-Nazi political youth movements of the pre-1933 era, it is unnecessary to speak; no one believes and the Nazis do not even hope, that they can be coerced into loyalty. What has recently happened in the cradle of Nazism can hardly comfort Schirach—his own headquarters staff disloyal!

You do not hear all these things openly discussed. If you go up to a Hitler Youth boy and ask him how many of the youth apart from the Catholics are practising open passive resistance to orders from Nazis, you will find that four years of persecution by the Gestapo will have taught him discretion. But Nazi Germany is fully aware of the discrepancy between appearance and reality. The latest moves in the campaign to dope the independent thought of the youngest generation are interesting. Baldur von Schirach, as his latest decrees show, has realised that his only hope of maintaining control of the youth in Germany is to isolate the Jungvolk (8 to 14 years old) from the Hitler Youth itself (14 to 18) and so to prevent the elder generation from contaminating the minds of the smaller children. With this object, the Jungvolk leaders are now chosen from the Jungvolk itself, not as previously from the Hitler Youth (1936). Secondly, he has to collect sufficient numbers of loyal Hitler Youth for such public displays as the Nuremberg rally. Thirdly, he has turned the schools into propaganda classes where the subject matter taught has to be heard to be believed. Fourthly, to separate the Jungvolk from the influence of all religious teaching. Finally, he has to extend his Hitler Youth propaganda service abroad, particularly in this country; to prevent the real state of affairs among the youth becoming known abroad; to check any support being given to the opposition youth movements from outside, and to isolate all the exiled youth leaders as completely as possible from any opportunity to direct the opposition inside Germany.

It is dangerous to prophesy whether or no he will succeed, or indeed whether he will have time to succeed, for with the Catholic opposition increasing daily within the Reichswehr, most people are aware of what will happen to Hitler's army when he starts a war. But it looks as though the attempt to crush not only the Catholics but now the Protestants is losing him his one hope of ultimately distorting the mentality of the children; for the opposition youth movements are thereby being driven into a unity which they never before knew.

D. C. YALDEN-THOMSON

THE WIDER CENSORSHIP

FROM time to time the banning of books like *The Well of Loneliness* and *The Sleeveless Errand*, or translations of well-known classics brings home to the people of this country the existence of a paternal combination of common and statute law under which any book with a sexual content can be condemned to be burned if it can be proved that its tendency "is to deprave and corrupt those whose minds are open to such immoral influences and into whose hands it may fall." The issue is generally decided by a Court of Summary Jurisdiction—"three successful tradesmen or one unsuccessful barrister," as it has been put. The immediate results of condemnation are perhaps not catastrophic. The book is read with avidity in literary circles and it receives the exaggerated attention and uncritical solicitude accorded to the condemned criminal. The chief negative effect is that it is kept out of the hands of "the working classes" for whose protection *The Sexual Impulse* case made it abundantly clear the law is particularly concerned.

But the haphazard and slightly humorous series of legal condemnations which the average Englishman views with some complacency is not the whole story. Recently the town of Bootle has been convulsed by a controversy caused by the local Town Council placing Richard Aldington's *Death of a Hero* on the reserved shelves of its Public Library after it had been on the open shelves for over six years. The action means that henceforth a visit to his public library will not enlighten the Bootle townsman as to the existence of Mr.

Aldington's novel. He will only be able to borrow it if, already knowing of its existence and its presence in the library, he makes a special demand for it. In this case the Bootle Corporation have done little more than offer a gratuitous and totally unjustifiable affront to a writer of eminence. The townsfolk were quick to find out that the novel (of which most of them had probably never heard) could be obtained for sixpence and the local booksellers were soon sold out!

But the system of withdrawing books from the open shelves of public libraries in this way is very widespread. At Hampstead, London, it operates and this same novel is reserved together with Bertrand Russell's *Marriage and Morals* while other books dealing with sexual matters from the point of view of fifty years ago are allowed on the shelves to which the public have access. In his recent Report the Librarian of St. Pancras, London, announced that although he recommends for purchase "on the basis of a uniformly good reception at the hands of acknowledged critics, or by reason of the status of the writers" nevertheless a book is withdrawn from general circulation if three complaints about it are received. One does not wish to underrate the literary ability of the ratepayers of St. Pancras, but surely it is somewhat overrated when any three of them can overrule the voice of acknowledged critics or the judgment of writers of status. Since only reactionaries seek to combat supposed errors in ethics or taste by suppression it follows that under this system the open shelves of the public libraries present a totally false and one-sided impression of the attitude taken by the literary world on questions on which public opinion is sharply divided.

The spirit of censorship too often extends to the selection of books for purchase. This like all other matters connected with the public libraries is in the hands of the local counsellors, whose qualifications for the task too often do not extend beyond prejudice and susceptibility to "public opinion" as evidenced by the complaints of local busybodies. The question of their suitability for their task is becoming one of increasing importance. More and more public money is being spent on these libraries. They are being organised on a national basis under a splendid scheme which culminates in the National Central Library. Very soon it will be possible for anyone who can pay the necessary postage to borrow from any public library in England besides drawing on a reserve of 135,000 volumes held by the National Central Library, and a further 6,500,000 volumes at call in "outlier" libraries who are ready to lend to the National Central Library. The policy of the National Central Library is not questioned, but clearly it leans very heavily on the local libraries and the value of its work depends to a large extent on local selection providing a fair and scholarly representation of extant literature.

Liberal culture is threatened in all parts of the world to-day. It can only be firmly rooted where new books which contain the nascent thought of the community are available for everyone who can profit by them irrespective of his economic or social position; and where the facilities for research necessary to serious authorship are open to all. The National Central Library is working towards the first part of this ideal, and it is to be hoped that the British Museum will soon come into line with regard to the second by reverting to the pre-war evening opening of the Reading Room. The six o'clock closing hour for the Reading Room is to come under the consideration of the trustees. It was adopted as a measure of wartime economy and for twenty years the greatest library in the world has closed at the hour when those employed during the day might make use of it. The contribution to scholarship and letters by this class of person in the past surely justifies the extension of research facilities in the present.

The importance of making literature free from all shackles legal, economic, or social is enhanced by the way in which other avenues of cultural expression are closed to ideas which do not appeal to the aged and the orthodox. *Come Out to Play*, a comedy on sex education, which had a very successful run of private performances, had to be so modified before the Lord Chamberlain's licence could be obtained that it lost a great deal of its effectiveness in public performance. The newer forms of expression are even worse. From the B.B.C. we expect nothing but the most unexceptionable opinions voiced in the most emasculated of accents. The British Board of Film Censors refused even to look at the film, *Elysia*, now being privately shown at the Crown Theatre by the National Sun and Air Association. This body has 2,500 members and twenty-five affiliated clubs. The film is very cleverly designed to convey to an average audience the impressions received by a journalist who visits a sun-bathing club in California. The photography is discreet and a great deal of it devoted to natural scenery. The film has been publicly exhibited in all parts of the U.S.A. without offence, but an official of the Board declared "that he did not believe in nudism and was not going to do anything that might make more nudists."

The official reason given for censorship is more generally that the institution concerned cannot advance ahead of public opinion. But public opinion in so far as it is vital is created by pioneers who are able to think and act free of official supervision. If the present tendency continues and cultural institutions and resources are taken more and more out of private hands the official sheep will soon have no wetherbell to follow. The maintenance of truly liberal conditions in at least one sphere of intellectual and creative expression is therefore essential to the continuance of civilisation as we know it.

ALEC CRAIG

SCRAPS

I WAS the first to finish dinner in the West of England hotel at which I was staying, and I went into the drawing-room in the hope of being able to find a seat in a draught for a few minutes before the other diners followed. Luckily, there was a sofa beside an open French window, and I sat there, somnolent with excess of sea-air, and waited for coffee. A few minutes later an old gentleman, walking with a stick, came out of the dining-room, picked up *Punch* from a medley of papers and magazines on a table, and sat down in the corner of another sofa. After him came a large, wooden, elderly man, also walking with a stick, and looking rather like the ghostly Parnell in Mr. Lennox Robinson's play, who took up the *Bystander* from the table, and sat down at the other corner of the same sofa, muttering apologetically: "I hope you don't mind my sharing your seat, sir." "Not at all," said the little old man as he turned a page of *Punch*. It soon became evident that he wished to talk rather than to read, for he kept looking at the other and half-clearing his throat as though there were some question that he was particularly anxious to ask him. At last, he summoned up courage, and, pointing to an armchair with his stick, said: "Excuse me, sir, but I wonder whether you could tell me whether the gentleman who used to sit in that chair has gone. You're sure to have noticed him, for he always sat in that chair and whistled—whistled under his breath." The other grunted something inaudible, and determinedly continued to read the *Bystander*. "I never can remember his name," said the old man, "though I have often been told, but," he repeated, looking wistfully at the armchair, "he always sat in that chair and whistled—whistled under his breath."

At that moment, a lady with her daughter and her irascible, good-humoured, white-haired husband, entered and looked round for a suitable table. The husband eyed all the tables in the room, carefully selected the one which he thought the best, and, stretching his arm towards it, said rhythmically to the waiter who was following him: "Over there. Over there. Over there. A line," he explained, "from one of Sankey's hymns. Do you know it?" he asked the waiter, challengingly. "I do, indeed, sir," replied the waiter, always willing to oblige; "I know it well." And he arranged three armchairs round the table, and made a pleasant fuss of putting a cushion behind the back of each guest and giving them the impression that his sole object in life was to make them comfortable.

The diners were now coming into the room in a procession. Charming old ladies in couples entered, glanced round the room to see whether their favourite chairs were occupied, looked sorrowful if they were, and resignedly settled down into unsatisfactory substitutes. Most of them made for the neighbourhood of the fire, for it was still summer, but, as the room became crowded, some of them were forced to venture into the windier region in which I was sitting, only to retreat hurriedly at sight of the open window. At last, noting the look of pain and sorrow on the face of one of them, I was seized by an impulse of chivalry—I had been reading John Ruskin—and asked her whether she would like the window closed. How happy she seemed when I had closed it! How happy everybody seemed! It is often asked what is the secret of human happiness. What, for example, can we do to make other people happy during their brief stay on the green earth! So far as my experience of life in hotels goes, the answer is perfectly simple. It is: "Shut all windows."

After a few minutes, I felt the atmosphere so oppressive that I got up and strolled out for a breath of fresh air. I said to the hall-porter as I passed him, that it was very hot in there. "Ah," he said sympathetically, "mostly old people. Thin-blooded. That's what it is. Can't stand fresh air. Don't know what's good for them. Even the people that like fresh air here have no sense. Seem to think that it's healthier when the wind comes off the sea. It's not. Sea-breezes here are nothing but oil and tar," and he waved his arm vaguely, as though he were inviting me to examine a hotel-front splashed with tar and oil from the motor-road. "Give me a land breeze," he said emphatically. "It's clean and invigorating."

When I returned to my sofa a young woman who was knitting—an excellent substitute, by the way, for smoking—was asking her elderly neighbour whether she had been out during the afternoon (for it had been a glorious September day). "No," said the other, "the sun was so strong I had to remain indoors. I can't bear the sun. It never agrees with me. By the way, do you know that Mrs. John Brunch has arrived to-night?" "Who is Mrs. John Brunch?" asked the younger. "I'm surprised you haven't heard of her," said the elder; "in London society she's supposed to be one of the leaders." "Funny you should have mentioned her," said another lady, leaning over; "when I was in Oban, she was staying in the same hotel." "That's interesting," said the elderly lady. "Oh, yes," said the other, "and, do you know, she didn't speak to any one."

I beckoned to the waiter, and asked him to bring me a whiskey and a baby Polly. Round the table next to me, sat the youngest man in the room, enormous of girth and shoulders and spectacled, and his wife and mother. The women tried to engross themselves—or to pretend to engross themselves—in newspapers, but the man persisted in talking in a voice that could be heard round the room. He talked chiefly of places where he had been ill and where the food had been bad. "Oh, I admit," he said, "that St. Ives has improved. When I went there twenty years ago, you couldn't get anything to eat." His voice rose almost to a scream as he said it. "I remember I had a bad cold in the head. Who was that nice chap that I met there—Barnes or Bentley or something—oh, well, the name doesn't matter. Anyhow, the place has greatly improved since then with all those restaurants round the harbour." His mother and wife rustled their newspapers and said nothing. "And Torquay's not so bad," he said, "but, you remember, the last time we were there I was very, very bilious—very, very bilious," he repeated in a loud voice. "I often think," he went on, "that foreign food agrees with me better than English, though, whether it was the food or the climate, I certainly felt pretty liverish at Cannes last year. I often wonder whether all those tangerine oranges that you get on the Riviera agree with me. They're so full of pips that I'm always afraid of swallowing one and getting appendicitis. You remember how we all thought I had appendicitis at Monte Carlo. I didn't dare to eat for three days. That," he said heavily, "*was* a time. Do you know where I think the food suits me best?" Again the papers rustled. "Le Touquet," he said emphatically. "I nearly always feel well at Le Touquet. You remember when we were there last that daughter of Lord What-d'you-call-him arrived on her honeymoon. A fair-haired girl. Nearly red. And I thought nice. But the bridegroom! He was," he said, with the loud voice of conviction, "a dirty-looking fellow—such a dirty-looking fellow that I should have taken him for a film-star. What was his name? He was the son, you remember, of that rich man who made a fortune out of something or other during the war. What *was* his name? Miller? Thompson? Walker? Barnes? Bentley? I wish I could remember names, but I know it was a quite ordinary name. Anyhow," he assured his would-be-deaf women-folk, "the name doesn't matter. All I remember about him is that he was a dirty-looking fellow."

This gave me acute pleasure, for I am acquainted with the "dirty-looking fellow," and know him to be one of the most spick-and-span, clean-shaven, and bath-addicted young men in London. I was sorry, therefore, when the wife and mother rose, saying it was bed-time, and left the speaker without further excuse for monologising. When he fell silent, his place as a speaker was taken by an old gentleman at the far end of the room, saying sternly to the waiter who had brought him a drink and was trying to talk to him: "Don't interrupt me, waiter, I'm doing a crossword puzzle. This may be a life-and-death affair." Then one would hear women asking each other whether they had heard that Mrs. John Brunch had arrived. In an interval of silence, the old gentleman with the stick fixed his eye on a grey-haired lady sitting alone at the far side of the room, walked over to her and stooping deferentially, said: "Excuse me, but can you tell me whether the gentleman who used to sit in that chair"—pointing to it—"has gone?" "An old gentleman?" she asked. "No," he said, "not old. About seventy, I should think. But he used always to sit in that chair and whistle—whistle under his breath." "I don't think I ever noticed him," she said. "That's curious," said he with a puzzled expression, "because he was rather conspicuous. I don't think he ever spoke to any one, but he always sat in the same chair and whistled—whistled under his breath." "I'm afraid I don't remember him," she said. "Ah, well," he said, "I hope you don't mind my asking you. I was rather interested in the way he used to sit there and whistle. Thank you. Good night." And so, sadly, he went off to bed. And so, yawningly from the stagnant air, did I.

Y. Y.

Correspondence

CAN JAPAN BE STOPPED?

SIR,—The *Times* would appear to have ignored all correspondence following Sir Francis Acland's lead in calling for economic pressure to stop Japanese aggression. The letters it is now publishing, like its leading articles of October 5 and 6, put only the case *against* a boycott. Since an answer is badly required to certain of the arguments now being used in the hope of damping down the increasing public demand for the severance of trading relations with Japan, I hope you will allow me to give one in your columns.

To the argument that a boycott would involve us in war, the answer is surely—(1) That even the present rulers of Japan would not take on the British Empire and the United States together (nor, indeed, the former alone); and that the co-operation of the Americans could be secured, as witnessed by Mr. Roosevelt's speech on Tuesday, if our Government ceased to be regarded as a passive supporter of Japanese aggression.

(2) That if Japan really would attack us now—without oil or iron or even sufficient coal—how much more will she do after she has possessed herself of China's potentially vast production of iron, coal and cotton, and can force Chinese men to fight in her armies?

Japan is said to have enough oil stored up for a month or two of hostilities. Could she take Hong Kong and Singapore in a

month? If she could take the former, would not our Government prefer the temporary loss of Hong Kong to the permanent loss of all British investments in China, and to the seizure by Japan within a few years of Borneo, Australia, the Straits Settlements and the Dutch East Indies? Japanese ambitions do not stop short of China, as she has frequently proclaimed.

To the argument that if Japan were driven desperate by a boycott her war on China would become even more frightful than at present, it seems to me the answer is: (1) She could not make it much more frightful; (2) her war supplies would run out within a few weeks; (3) the effect of severing trade relations would not be merely that of cutting off war materials; there would be an internal convulsion in Japan if she could not export raw silk and textiles. The peasants, if deprived of their earnings from sericulture, and the earnings of their daughters in the textile mills and silk filatures, could no longer pay their rent or interest. The landowners and silk filature owners would be unable to meet their obligations to the banks. The banks would have to suspend payment and the whole national economy would cease to function.

It is, I believe, far more the fear that, if Japan were checked, her people would turn on their present reactionary rulers, than any real belief that economic pressure on Japan would involve us in war, which holds back our Government. Yet the time has surely come when even Conservatives here must see that they have to choose between the preservation for a little while longer of the Japanese autocracy and of Japan's diseased economic and social structure, and the preservation of (1) British investments and trade in China, (2) the security of Britain's eastern empire, (3) the preservation of what hope is still left of world peace.

It is clear that there is no hope for the freedom and prosperity of either the Japanese or the Chinese people until Japan's autocratic form of government and semi-feudal economy and social system are destroyed by the action of the Japanese people. I have confined myself here entirely to the argument according to self-interest. The "moral" case is too overwhelming to require elaboration.

FREDA UTLEY

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SIR,—The country is going strong in protesting against the Japanese bombing of Canton, Nanking and other "open" cities. But can we sincerely and heartily protest when we are aware that this country, along with every powerful civilised country in the world, is engaged in preparing to do the same thing? Do people believe that our bombing aeroplanes will, in the event of war, confine themselves to military objectives?

Another question: is it in fact more moral to bomb men in the prime of their manhood than to bomb another section of humanity consisting of men, women and children? Is it less cruel?

If the protest is a protest against the whole thing, one passionately joins in it. At the moment Japan is simply practising our preaching. She is rehearsing our next war. Shall we have the wit to see that our only course is to end not a particular method of war, but war itself?

JOHN E. MCINTYRE

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SIR,—Anyone who retains the rags of decent feeling has been horrified at what has been happening to the civilian population in China, and many of your readers will doubtless have been present at the indignation meeting held at the Albert Hall.

May I be allowed to say, on behalf of pacifists in general, that we too suffer this sense of indignation, but are also painfully conscious that our rearmament programme means that we are, in fact, preparing bombs of a precisely similar character for destinations that are different only in the expectation that they will reach white victims, instead of yellow? The moment, therefore, seems to us opportune to protest—not merely at the action of the Japanese army, which does not materially differ from the exhibitions of military force recently given by Italian and German troops in Abyssinia and Spain—but against the whole infernal machine which modern scientific war has become.

In order to put views of this kind as clearly as possible before the public, will you permit me to say that the Peace Pledge Union is holding a Special Emergency Meeting at the Queen's Hall, next Tuesday, October 12th, at 8 p.m., under the chairmanship of George Lansbury, and with the support of a very influential platform?

MAX PLOWMAN,
(General Secretary,
Peace Pledge Union)

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THE PALESTINE MURDERS

SIR,—Of the accounts which I have read of the death of Mr. L. Y. Andrews, District Commissioner of Galilee, almost all seem to have been discoloured by a certain amount of jingo resentment at the murder of a British official by members of a subject race; none have attempted to give an objective explanation of this and other recent acts of terrorism in Palestine.

The Palestine Arabs are not by temperament inclined to violence. They have turned to terrorism as a political weapon, as the Indians of Bengal, the Egyptians, the Irish, and other subject peoples of the British Empire have turned to it in the past, because no other effective political instrument was available. Terrorist movements under British imperialism, like the Nihilist movement in Tsarist Russia, can be understood only as the expression of strongly held political beliefs which are denied an adequate constitutional outlet.

However much one may disparage killing for political ends, it is surely misleading to describe an action like the assassination of Mr. Andrews as a "dastardly murder." (The *Times*, in a leading article of October 2nd, describes it so). Would any liberal-minded person speak in such terms of the killing of some prominent Gestapo official by an opponent of the Nazi regime? Yet that is exactly the light in which the assassination of Mr. Andrews would appear to most Palestine Arabs. Mr. Andrews was a very competent official, who, because of his good knowledge of Arabic and wide contacts with influential members of the Arab and Jewish communities, was in the position of unofficial secret service agent to the British Administration. From the point of view of the Administration he was a valuable and loyal officer: from the point of view of the great majority of Arabs he was a spy, who represented the hated British autocracy in its most objectionable form.

It must not be forgotten that the Arab villagers of the Galilee district have suffered severely at the hands of the British during the last eighteen months. Their young men have been shot; their houses destroyed; their crops and animals confiscated to pay heavy collective fines. And they are still no nearer than they were to the national independence which it is their aim to achieve. Partition would mean for them the alternative of leaving their homes and lands and being settled in Beersheba, the Jordan Valley, or Trans-Jordan, or inclusion within the frontiers of a Jewish State. These are the political conditions which give rise to terrorism. It cannot be cured by the deposition of the President of the Supreme Moslem Council and the transportation to Seychelles of some of the most respected Arab leaders on the charge that they are "morally responsible" for these terrorist acts.

THOMAS HODGKIN

6 High Street,
Whitehaven, Cumberland.

ABYSSINIA TO-DAY

SIR,—All is not quiet on the Abyssinian front.

War clouds in Spain and China have tended recently to hide from the sympathetic British public the continued tragic plight of Abyssinia. The cry of Abyssinia has been drowned by the agonised cries of other peoples in other parts of the globe likewise visited by calamity.

Two years ago, October 3rd, 1935, Mussolini's well-laid plans for attacking the Abyssinian Empire—subsequently described by the pen of De Bono—materialised, and the Italian mechanised armies crossed the frontiers.

Sanctions, half-heartedly applied, failed to check the ruthless aggressor. Abyssinia, betrayed by her allies, was left to "the burning rains," annihilation from the skies, massacre and woe. "Ethiopia stretched out her hands to God" in vain. Thus barbarism prevailed. The clock of civilisation was set back.

Though the veil remains tightly drawn and Fascist propaganda to conceal the truth is widespread yet the world has come to know that all is not quiet on the Abyssinian front. Italy's policy of terrorism and massacre—not only in Addis Ababa, but in other centres, thousands of unarmed Abyssinian men, women and children have been destroyed during the last year—has not quelled native resistance. Though the flower of her intellectual youth has been systematically done to death there are still leaders who carry on a desperate campaign. Soon the rains will be over and Italian bombers will be busy perfecting the "pacification" of the new Empire. Only the few, after incredible journeyings, escape over the frontiers. (There are to date some 10,000 refugees.) More Abyssinian men, women and children, terror-stricken in

their little thatched *tukuls*, will learn the meaning of Fascist civilisation. This new civilisation is spreading. After Abyssinia, Spain. Now, China. Whither?

The Friends of Abyssinia—now numbering some eleven hundred—believe that if international order is to prevail and true civilisation to be saved from disaster, justice for Abyssinia must remain a foremost object. Abyssinia is the keystone.

On this second anniversary of the war in Abyssinia we are resolved—with the backing of all lovers of justice—to find new ways of defending the claims of Abyssinia at Geneva and in the world. It is possible for sympathy which is deep and world-wide to find practical outlet. Defeatism must be combated. We believe that new doors will open for the protection of the peoples of Abyssinia, the restoration of her integrity and the relief of her untold calamity. We are resolved that Ethiopia shall not "stretch out her hands to us" in vain. HAZEL M. NAPIER

(Honorary Secretary, Friends of Abyssinia (Ethiopia) League, 5 Crossfield Road, London, N.W.3.)

THE CASE OF MR. VERNON

SIR,—The case of Mr. W. F. Vernon has had a very disturbing effect on at least one civil servant. Is it possible that it may prove a rallying point for all civil servants who wish to know precisely under what political disabilities they suffer?

One corpus of legislation, typified by the Incitement to Disaffection Act and the Public Order Act, applies to all persons including civil servants. But outside this what are the limits to the political activities of a civil servant? There appear to be two major ones. A servant of the Crown cannot sit as a Member of Parliament. This restriction had originally an admirable *raison d'être*, and I should imagine that few civil servants would wish to see it removed. The second is the fact that the Trade Union activity of the various associations of Crown servants is severely curtailed.

Now outside these is it really necessary that the political status of a civil servant should be in any way different from that of an ordinary citizen? Whatever his private opinions, whether Right or Left, he must serve with sincerity the Government of the day, which may, we hope, be either of the Right or the Left. He must administer the law, whether it be progressive or reactionary, with a strict impartiality. But outside his official life cannot he have his own private life? In the view of the Air Ministry apparently he cannot.

And yet is there any doubt in anyone's mind that a civil servant with a Conservative bias would be allowed to go his way without let or hindrance from the Government or his department? It is only when one's views take on a pink or red shade, when one begins to challenge the capitalo-imperialist structure of society, that one meets with official objections.

The tendency of the official policy is obvious. By attempting to stamp out Left opinions from the Services they are creating the potentiality of a Fascist bureaucracy, a potentiality which is a menace to all democratic parties. With Mr. Vernon's case before him, every civil servant must hesitate long before buying a copy of Marx—for who knows what a housebreaker may unearth? A CIVIL SERVANT

THE POLICE AND THE PRESS

SIR,—In the *News Chronicle* of October 4th there is reported a statement by Mr. H. Abrahams—a press photographer—to the effect that, when standing outside Tower Bridge Police Station on the day of the Fascist march, with his camera, a Superintendent ordered a constable to take him into the Police Station, from which he was eventually released without any charge being brought. It is further stated that the Home Office will be questioned with regard to the incident.

In view of the somewhat similar but actually more drastic interference with press photographers by the Police on the occcasion of the Thurloe Square *battue*, I venture to suggest that a matter of prime importance is in issue. One would have thought that, on occasions where there was likely to be controversy as to what actually took place, the first-hand evidence of the camera would be welcomed by the authorities. Their apparent irritation and sensitiveness seem therefore difficult to justify. It is, of course, manifest that a House of Commons question to the Home Secretary will merely produce a stereotyped evasive reply, whatever he really thinks. Though, of course, the report in the *News Chronicle* is somewhat meagre, the episode *prima facie* would appear to indicate that the Police Superintendent was guilty of the tort of false imprisonment. If so, may I suggest that the most effective way of bringing this matter to a head would be for Mr. Abrahams to bring an action for damages for false imprisonment against the Police Superintendent, personally? He probably knows his name; if he does not the Home Secretary can be badgered until it is obtained. A successful action of this kind would have an extremely salutary effect. RUAT COELUM

POLICE COURTS

SIR,—The cost of appeals from the Courts of Summary Jurisdiction, to which Mr. Applebe draws attention, is a serious matter. It is mainly the question of expense which prevents appeal. The simplest immediate remedy would be to give solicitors the right to appear in appeals, which would save the expense of Counsel. Of course, the average poor person does not know that an appeal is possible.

What, however, is Mr. Applebe's authority for saying that on appeal it is more than probable that the term will in fact be lengthened? No information on this point is to be found in the criminal statistics, so far as I am aware, and the published figures make it very unlikely to be the case. Incidentally, the Courts of Summary Jurisdiction cannot impose long terms of imprisonment. SOLICITOR

ANIMALS AND PAIN

SIR,—Mr. d'Auvergne's letter has tempted me to a further comment on this subject. Although not insensitive to the feelings which produce his protest, I submit that both our human sympathies and human ethics are, in the last analysis, a matter of taste, as are our philosophies and our general outlook on life.

An extension of sympathy certainly makes possible a wider charity, yet sympathies must not assume grotesque proportions. It is both weakening and futile, in a world of suffering, to identify ourselves with the sufferings of others. Especially futile does it appear to identify ourselves with the sufferings of animals. A reaction against this sometimes all too sentimental identification produces such letters as that written by Mr. Brown. Yet, though it may be mistaken and wasteful of energy to identify ourselves with the sufferings of animals, it is certainly bad taste, in the sense in which Mr. Davy uses the word, to be indifferent to any form of suffering, and it is bad taste to inflict suffering on animals which are exploited for the less admirable of human vanities.

I would plead for a more objective view of animals than that of either those people who regard them as they would regard human beings, or of those other people who regard them as mere pieces of mechanism. When Mr. Brown refers me to Pavlov, I am not convinced any more than I am by the anti-vivisectionist who is tortured by the thought of an animal in pain, but for other reasons. A dog which is isolated for a long time in a sound-proof room, and under the influence of a steady, unchanging light, ceases to be an entire dog, just as the experimenter would, in like circumstances, cease to be an entire man. Experiments, such as Pavlov's, tell us a good deal about the mechanism of life, but little about the animals which are the subjects of those experiments.

E. L. GRANT WATSON

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THE BLUE GUIDES

SIR,—Having undertaken for a good many years now the editing of a series of guide books, which should set a reasonably high standard for that class of literature in this country, it was rather discouraging for me to read in the review columns in your issue of Sept. 25th the statement that, apart from a well-known foreign series of guide books, no such standard exists.

The *Blue Guides* having been in existence for nearly 20 years, I think I may claim, in all modesty, that they must have satisfied the curiosity of a fair number of travellers—which your reviewer rightly contends is the principal function of the guide book.

Naturally, it is scarcely to be expected that everyone should be aware of the existence of the *Blue Guides*, but I think I can fairly claim that your reviewer's statement creates a distinct misconception of the actual state of affairs. I should, therefore, be grateful if you could see your way to putting matters right by publishing these few words. L. RUSSELL MUIRHEAD

Ernest Benn Limited, (Editor of the *Blue Guides*).
Bouverie House.

Miscellany

GLADSTONE

FAILING good drama, a few pages torn from the life of some famous man or woman will often provide good entertainment. In recent years such successes have been common: *The Barretts of Wimpole Street*, *Florence Nightingale*, *Parnell*, two plays on the Brontës; and now, last but not least, *Victoria Regina*. Drinkwater's *Abraham Lincoln* drew here and in America. It did people good to see Abe's tall shabby hat, and to hear him drawling out in his melancholy meditative manner those shrewd sayings they had already by heart.

Thanks chiefly to Lytton Strachey, Queen Victoria and Albert (who was in a special sense *his* discovery) are to-day vivid to so many that there is a supply audience for Mr. Lawrence Housman's excellent *tableaux vivants* for at least a year to come. Besides, quite a considerable number of parents and all grandparents alive to-day remember "the Queen." For that matter, links can take us even farther back. It is only a year or two since I lunched with the late Lord Ernle, who told me that he had got into a scrape as a boy for catapulting from the tower of his father's church the Prince Consort's horse. So close to us is a past that seems remote. It hardly requires a magician to call up Victoria (at any rate in her old age) or Disraeli, for their legends have an independent vividness in our imaginations. On the stage an actress dressed in widow's-weeds and more or less the shape of a hay-cock, need only say with crushing gravity: "We are not amused," and the audience instantly believes this *is* Queen Victoria. A sallow semitic old man with a jet-black curl on his forehead has only to appear caressing a goatee-beard, and bowing with ironic and guarded courtesy while he utters a few flowery but deliberate phrases, to convince us he is—Disraeli. But Mr. Hugh Ross Williamson at the Gate Theatre has attempted a far more difficult incantation: he has tried to raise from the grave the Shade of Gladstone. Why should that be difficult? When Gladstone was alive his collars, great white head and glowing eye and energetic movements were as familiar to admirers, enemies and caricaturists as the rings and ringlets and immovable enigmatic mask of his opponent. These details were symbols of an intense personality vividly apprehended by everyone. Gladstone felling trees, Gladstone reading the lessons in church, Gladstone in his library, Gladstone in the House of Commons listening to debates in an attitude of attention straining at the leash, were pictures constantly before the public imagination. Why, then, are those symbols, those pictures (still remembered by many) now so faintly evocative of his personality to-day? I doubt if there were three people in the Gate Theatre who noticed the once-famous collars. (I only noticed I had *not* noticed them.) The answer to that question is hardly dramatic criticism, but incidentally it will convey both what was lacking and what was present in Mr. Williamson's play and in Mr. Devlin's acting of the title-part.

I once attempted to sketch Gladstone. It was intended to be first-aid to the imagination in conceiving him. My contemporaries had, I felt, half-forgotten or misremembered that dauntless old man. And as for the younger generation, I was sure that either they never thought of him at all or, if they did, only as a typical Victorian, pompous, prolix and "pi."

> When once he had vanished from hearing and sight, then the portraits of him which Disraeli and other opponents had laboured in vain—while he lived—to paint upon the general imagination began to gather plausibility—the portraits of him as one "intoxicated with the exuberance of his own verbosity, as 'an unconscious hypocrite,' or simply as 'an old man in a hurry.' . . . After his death the ironic, common-sense, negative spirits began to have it all their own way. Once the flame was out they could hold up the empty lantern, and lo! it seemed, sure enough, to have been only exceptionally pretentious in design. And they have unfortunately been since abetted in their work by some scribes and biographers, unconscious of what they were doing, who thought that the way to render Gladstone's incandescence was to bleach him white."

I quote that passage because it marks a moment in the vicissitudes of his fame. It was not at the time superfluous. Even when that period-making book, *Eminent Victorians*, appeared a year or two later, the essay on "The End of Gordon" contained the following magnificent, but, to my mind, misleading interpretation of Gladstone:

> Compared with Disraeli's, his attitude towards life strikes one as that of an ingenuous child. His very egoism was simple-minded: through all the labyrinth of his passions there ran a single thread. But the centre of the labyrinth? Ah! the thread might lead there, through those wandering mazes, at last. Only, with the last corner turned, the last step taken, the explorer might find that he was looking down into the gulf of a crater. The flame shot out on every side, scorching and brilliant, but in the midst there was a darkness.

Later in 1925, Mr. D. C. Somervell in his acute duo-biographical study, "Disraeli and Gladstone," asserted that the future (he was thinking of the interest of posterity in the antagonists) lay with Dizzy. He has certainly had, for a time, two great advantages: he appeals to the literary imagination—he is picturesque and romantically enigmatic, while he was himself a matchless phrase-maker. But, and I do not think I am speaking for myself alone to-day, one comes to the end of one's interest in Dizzy; not so with Gladstone. To follow what Lytton Strachey calls "the single thread" through the labyrinth of his conflicting passions is more interesting than tracing the romantic opportunism of Disraeli's active career. The piquancy of the latter's ambiguous aloofness, the intriguing blend of bombast and subtlety, vulgarity and insight which composed his mind, after a time ceases to excite; while the adventures of the moral vehemence of Gladstone among the hand-to-mouth exigencies of practical politics—that *perfervidum ingenium Scotorum* as a sixteenth-century writer called it, and of an intense emotional simplicity combined with a scholastic habit of intellect which refined upon the almost indistinguishable, becomes increasingly attractive to watch. One of the main differences between Disraeli and Gladstone is that the former entered politics as an adventure, and in making decisions looked first to expediency; while the latter was attracted to politics on its ecclesiastical side and judged from first to last as moralist. Moralists have been out of favour for the last thirty years; they have been regarded as dull if not dangerous prigs, but it is being gradually borne in on us that, as Morley said in what Mr. Somervell quoted as the weightiest sentence in his life of Gladstone, "One should take care lest in quenching the spirit of Midlothian we leave the sovereign mastery of the world to Machiavelli."

Mr. Williamson's play opens on the eve of Gladstone's first Midlothian campaign. He is about to emerge from his retirement to thunder against the foreign policy of Dizzy, which affords an opportunity for presenting a picture of domestic peace and a perfect marriage. He has made good use of Mrs. Drew's life of her mother, and Miss Marda Vanne gives an accomplished impersonation of Catherine Gladstone, but hardly scatter-brained enough. The antagonism between Gladstone and Disraeli is about to reach its intensest pitch, in which the anger of the one was uncontrolled and of the other cold—in public. In private, Dizzy was writing a little later:

> Posterity will do justice to that unprincipled maniac—extraordinary mixture of envy, vindictiveness, hypocrisy and superstition; and with one commanding characteristic—whether Prime Minister, or Leader of Opposition, whether preaching, praying, speechifying or scribbling—never a gentleman!

To feel the necessity of preserving gentility in prayer suggests a somewhat shallow spiritual life, but that does not surprise in Disraeli. What is astonishing is that to the last he had so dim a notion, in the social sense, of what an English gentleman was like.

There is something highly comic in this final reproach proceeding from Dizzy, who attacked Peel when the latter had a fawning letter from him begging for office, and, too, when directed at one who directed that his correspondence with the Queen should *never* be published, knowing well that it would damage her posthumous good name. Those letters have been published and posterity has been left wondering at the patience and (unexpectedly) at the tact of Gladstone,

and at the arrogance and unconstitutional folly of Victoria. In the scenes between Gladstone and the Queen and between Beaconsfield and the Queen at the Gate Theatre, the essential difference of their relations to her is travestied. Dizzy, though he flattered her, and admitted that in the case of Royalty "flattery must be laid on with a trowel," really won her confidence and affection by treating her as a woman; Gladstone treated her as the holder of the topmost and most responsible position in the world with whom, therefore, personal feelings could not weigh. He frightened her, and he made her all the more conscious of her widowed loneliness. Disraeli once said that "If the Prince Consort had not died, England would have enjoyed the blessing of an autocratic Government." Blessing or not, that is highly doubtful, but Gladstone certainly would then have had no difficulty in handling Queen Victoria. It is difficult for Miss Middleton, in the part of the Queen as it is written, not to give an impression of ill-breeding, which is, of course, false. The Queen was, as Gladstone admitted, never discourteous to him, but she was unfriendly and unforgiving. Fundamentally, however, Mr. Williamson's picture of her is not unjust, or only on the surface; nor is the degree to which Disraeli poisoned her mind against Gladstone, only his manner of doing it, exaggerated. The scene of Gordon's appointment to the Soudan is, of course, not historical. Gladstone never saw Gordon; he only assented to his being appointed to evacuate the Soudan; and when Gordon jeopardised himself by proceeding to try to hold it, Gladstone regarded him as a "hero," but a hero who had betrayed his trust, therefore not to be rescued at the sacrifice of other lives. That is well brought out; as also Gladstone's indifference to popular indignation. Hartington in the play lacked the massive phlegm which made him representative of the plain old-fashioned Englishman. He also lacked that casual large aristocratic imperturbability which made him so useful in counsel and negotiation. Hartington should, at any rate, be rather more carelessly dressed, and apt to stick his hands in his pockets even when talking with the Queen. Chamberlain was deftly suggested; Mr. Abbott, at any rate, took vigorous hold of Chamberlain's characteristic passionate promptness and straightforward impatience. And Gladstone himself? Well, Mr. Delvin, within the limitations imposed by the playwright, acted him with feeling and dignity. As I have intended to suggest, Mr. Williamson's Gladstone is simplified out of verisimilitude—and perhaps this was inevitable on the stage. But he need not have been represented as quite so much of a weary champion of high lost causes. Weariness was the last impression Gladstone made on anyone even in old age. The joyful light of battle flashes out in the composite speech (bits of three speeches interwoven) delivered as his last in the House of Commons; but the total impression left by the play is that of a fatigued domestic character compelled reluctantly by conscience to descend into the arena. Of the obstinate contentiousness, the blazing temper, the aptitude for ingenious equivocation, all of which, Gladstone, by sheer strength of will, forced into the service of what he thought was just—of these there were no indications in the play. The difficulty of drawing Gladstone's portrait is that he is still alive! Dizzy is dead; Queen Victoria is dead; but Gladstone is still the greatest representative of tendencies that are struggling desperately to triumph. The dead have rigid features; their profiles can be easily drawn. It is easy to call up a photograph, but how hard it is to recall a living face! Gladstone was a man who held in highest reverence the heritage of the past, but believed that it must be surrendered piece-meal to a future by no means agreeable to his own tastes; while the sense that all nations had common as well as separate interests, and that those common were most vital, was the guiding principle of his patriotism. Italy, Greece, Bulgaria, Afghanistan, the Transvaal, Egypt, Ireland—in every juncture of foreign affairs these names recall his policy was consistent. He was the most international minded of all nineteenth-century statesmen; the one who had most at heart the general interests of mankind. As Mr. Hammond has pointed out even in Gladstone's fantastic Homeric Studies (1858) we stumble upon an adumbration of a League of Nations! The merit of the play at the Gate Theatre was that it underlined that approach to the jig-saw puzzle of a statesman's world.

DESMOND MACCARTHY

THE BASSET HORN

THE basset horn, known in Italian as the *Corno di bassetto* or *clarone*, is an instrument resembling the clarinet, being now generally replaced by the alto clarinet which, however, is usually in E flat instead of F and has a different quality of tone owing partly to its larger bore. Mozart was particularly fond of the *corno di bassetto*, which has a reedier and richer tone than the clarinet and it may have been this fact that made Mr. Bernard Shaw adopt it as his pseudonym when he first became musical critic to the *Star* in 1888, before he had made into his own the initials G. B. S.

In his excellent and entertaining autobiographical preface which he has added to this first collection* of the criticisms he contributed to the *Star*, Mr. Shaw says:

> For two years I sparkled every week in the *Star* under this ridiculous name, and in a manner so absolutely unlike the conventional musical criticisms of the time that all the journalists believed that the affair was a huge joke, the point of which was that I knew nothing whatever about music.

Actually, as Mr. Shaw modestly claims, he "was one of the few critics of that time who really knew their business"; but he is very unpretentious in his presentation of these articles:

> I reprint Bassetto's stuff shamefacedly after long hesitation with a reluctance which has been overcome only by my wife who has found some amusement in reading it through, a drudgery which I could not bring myself to undertake. I know it was great fun when it was fresh, and that many people have a curious antiquarian taste (I have it myself) for old chronicles of dead musicians and actors. I must warn them, however, not to expect to find here the work of the finished critic who wrote my volumes entitled, *Music in London*, 1890–94, and *Our Theatres in the 'Nineties*. I knew all that was necessary about music; but in criticism I was only a beginner. It is easy enough from the first to distinguish between what is pleasant or unpleasant, accurate or inaccurate in a performance; but when great artists have to be dealt with, only keenly analytical observation and comparison of them with artists who, however agreeable, are not great, can enable a critic to distinguish between what everybody can do and what only a very few can do, and to get his valuations right accordingly!

Reading through this book one is struck by the acumen and soundness of Mr. Shaw's judgments. Mr. Shaw is a man of genius, and during the quarter of a century from 1890 to 1915 he was the most active and stimulating intellectual force in Europe and America. After that his influence declined; largely because his work was done, for he had altered the mental environment of Anglo-Saxon and, but more partially, that of Teutonic society. He was never an influence in France because the French had already gone through this particular phase of emancipation. Nowadays, possibly the only European country which is still in need of his corrosive common sense is Germany, where he has indeed always been most popular, most needed and—owing perhaps to some fundamental stupidity in that people—least assimilated.

The limitations which all we lesser men of later generations can now see in Mr. Shaw are, nevertheless, to be discerned perhaps more clearly in his musical criticism than elsewhere. Let us take, for example, what he has to say about Brahms and Wagner. Here, fortunately, we can compare the young with the old Shaw and this will show to us that it is not at all a matter of the undeveloped critic who is just on the threshhold of his critical career for the Shaw of 1936 is no more perceptive in some respects than was the *Corno di Bassetto* of 1889.

In his article of December 12th, 1888, after making a discerning review of Parry's oratorio, *Judith*—which is now as dead as the works of some equally eminent contemporary composers will be in fifty years time—Mr. Shaw wrote:

* *London Music in* 1888–89 as heard by Corno di Bassetto (later known as Bernard Shaw). Constable. 7*s*. 6*d*.

The other day a small but select audience assembled in one of Messrs. Broadwood's rooms to hear Miss Florence May play a pianoforte concerto by Brahms. [Mr. Shaw does not say which of Brahms's two pianoforte concertos it was, but that does not really matter.] Brahms's music is at bottom only a prodigiously elaborated compound of incoherent reminiscences and it is quite possible for a young lady with one of those wonderful "techniques" which are freely manufactured at Leipzig and other places, to struggle with his music for an hour at a stretch without giving such an insight to her higher powers as half-a-dozen bars of a sonata by Mozart. All that can be said confidently of Miss May is that her technique is undeniable. . . .

To this, Mr. Shaw appends in 1936 the following remarks:

The above hasty (not to say silly) description of Brahms's music will I hope be a warning to critics who know too much. In every composer's work there are passages that are part of the common stock of music of the time; and when a new genius arises, and his idiom is still unfamiliar and therefore even disagreeable, it is easy for a critic who knows that stock to recognise its contributions to the new work and fail to take in the original complexion put upon it. Beethoven denounced Weber's Euryanthe Overture as a string of diminished sevenths. I had not yet got hold of the idiosyncratic Brahms. I apologise.

Mr. Shaw's original judgment of Brahms was certainly unfair; his apologia is not only fair but shows a critical perception which is beyond that of many professional musicians, in addition to its formulating clearly a very useful generalisation. Nevertheless, there was as much truth in his original criticism of Brahms as there is untruth in his emendation of it. His original criticism was unfair (as I see it) because it overlooked the really exceptional and individual talent in Brahms's music. Music cannot be divided into merely the good and the bad; there is a hierarchy of music and such a composer as Brahms is a long way up the hierarchic ladder; sufficiently high, I would say, to leave such composers as Parry, Stanford and most famous English and foreign composers of our own day out of sight. But Brahms himself would have been the first to say that he was no Mozart or Beethoven. Did he not once, when his host was flattering him by offering him a bottle of excellent wine "as good as Brahms's music," tell him brusquely to take it away and bring a bottle of Bach? Brahms was a true artist, a truly creative musician, otherwise he would not have known so certainly that he was not a Bach or a Beethoven; because all musicians who are not artists, who cannot create, think themselves at least the equal of Bach and superior to Beethoven.

There is not a sign in Mr. Shaw's criticism that he recognises Brahms's weaknesses: his lack of constructive power on a large scale and the sentimental and almost morbidly sensuous debility of his themes. Even to-day with many non-perceptive critics, Brahms passes for a profound thinker with a powerfully logical musical intellect capable of rivalling Mozart and Beethoven on their monumental scale.

Actually Brahms made out of himself a consummate craftsman who could dovetail together his many luscious, sentimental and occasionally poignant ideas into a cunning and often beautiful mosaic. What profundity he may seem to have springs from the genuineness of his morbid sensibility and he has far greater kinship with Tchaikovsky than with Beethoven to whom it has been the fashion to compare him.

Of Wagner Mr. Shaw only confesses to one change in his ancient attitude of wholesale admiration:

When the wireless strikes up the Tannhauser Overture I hasten to switch it off, though I can always listen with pleasure to Rossini's Overture to *William Tell*.

Now this is enough to make Wagner rise from his grave! Deserted during his lifetime by Nietzsche, he has now been deserted (virtually) by Mr. Shaw. But Mr. Shaw does not confess that he has at last seen through Wagner's magniloquences and found in it an uncanny resemblance to a very undistinguished brand of political oratory whose rare and refreshing fruits are also "music of the future." No, he only says that it is "easier technically to compose another Parsifal than another Bach's Mass in B Minor or *Don Giovanni*."

I have the gravest suspicion of that word, "technically." In it resides all of Mr. Shaw's aesthetic deafness.

W. J. TURNER

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"The Last Straw," at the Comedy

Mr. Marius Goring emerged from the *Compagnie des Quinze* and the Old Vic as the most promising of our young actors. In Shaftesbury Avenue he displayed great virtuosity in a tiresome play about a neurotic murderer—in Panton Street he is now performing in a tiresome play about a neurotic murderer, and presumably the Strand, Aldwych, the Haymarket and all our other theatrical streets can expect to see him in a series of tiresome plays about neurotic murderers. After which he will go to Hollywood, and that will be that. Already in *The Last Straw* his style is—inevitably—becoming mannered and hammish: he gazes upwards at nothing in particular or runs hysterically about the stage. (The dialogue is so feeble that he has to get the job done in mime.) Those who saw him in *The Witch of Edmonton*, *Hamlet* and *Twelfth Night* expected for him a considerable career. We still expect it, but he is at a very awkward corner. If a young actor refuses to play silly parts, he gets no part at all, makes no progress in his art, and is soon forgotten. If he does not refuse, he finds himself playing the same part for the rest of his days, ending in frustration and a knighthood. The most difficult thing in an actor's career is not to play a part but to decide whether to take or to refuse a poor one. There is nothing worth saying about *The Last Straw*: it is not only ill-written but clumsily constructed. The best scene shows an aesthete's rooms being broken up at Oxford, but the rooms, the scout, and the occasion seemed all equally improbable. Mr. Andre Morell gave a brilliant performance as the villainous hearty. Miss Lucie Mannheim for some reason chose to make the heroine singularly charmless and unengaging. The authors write with a convincing severity about the sufferings of boys at public schools, but the point of the play seems to be to give goose-flesh to geese.

"Checkmate," at Sadler's Wells

To construct a ballet on the lines of a game of chess offers obvious opportunities both to the choreographer and the designer. McKnight Kauffer's decor for *Checkmate* and Doria Paston's

as times change
SHELL changes too
YOU CAN BE SURE OF SHELL

head-dresses match well and are simple and effective. The choreography of Ninette de Valois has some good moments, notably in the opening scene of the two players, in the fight between the Red Knight and the Black Queen and in the conclusion; in between, however, there is a lot of mere mechanical padding in movements which have no particular style or significance. Perhaps Miss de Valois has followed the music too closely, not wishing to cut it. If so, this is a case of misplaced consideration since the music is unworthy of a composer who is one of the best known of the generation following Vaughan Williams. Twentieth-century musicians have learned how to use discords expressively, but Mr. Bliss has discovered in this work how to use them without any effect whatever other than that of stridency. At moments the din was so distracting that one could hardly watch the movements on the stage.

"Children at School." Realist Film Unit.

Last year the gas industry enterprisingly decided to sponsor annually *pour le bon motif* one "documentary" whose propaganda appeal should be directed simply at the nation's conscience, with no regard for commercial considerations. *Nutrition*, the first fruits of this admirable policy of sponsoring documentaries, is now followed by *Children at School*—a plea for smaller classes and, above all, the rebuilding of the thousands of dark, insanitary and horribly situated schools in the industrial area inherited from the worst days of Queen Victoria. The takes of buildings on the Black List, or near it, should give the Minister for Education sleepless nights. Schools whose playing fields are of broken cement, cheek by jowl with a slag heap, schools where the ink in the ink-wells freezes in winter, where the only lavatory is an undrained, open yard—these form a pretty filthy arraignment of the richest country in the world. By contrast, the scenes taken in the best of our Nursery, Junior and Senior schools are like a glimpse of Utopia. Indeed, Basil Wright, who has directed this film, has erred perhaps on the side of idealising actual achievements in order to arouse enthusiasm for possibilities. The kitten, for example, lovingly displayed by a ten-year-old, "encouraged to tell the class stories," is admired at a respectful distance by the class. One wonders if the little devils would not have given that kitten hell but for the civilising presence of Mr. Wright's cameras and sound unit. No great matter: the cause is good, and the cinema-propaganda, compèred by the Editor of the *Spectator*—the majestic Gothic of whose features (best perpendicular period) fades impressively into successive shots—is a valuable reinforcement in a campaign long waged by educationists.

The Child and the War, at 94 Wimpole Street

In Madrid, even the most nervous Englishmen soon acquire the local nonchalance. War correspondents and sympathetic observers watch rationally and objectively the Fascist bombs that miss themselves; and in the bomb craters children play at war as others do on Hampstead Heath. When the children draw, no doubt they depict bullfights and football matches as often as Fascist aggression. The main body of the collection is made up of drawings of war. It is not a cross-section of Spanish children's art since the drawings are entries to a competition organised by the Government for drawings of the war. Consequently there is a good deal of ideology as well as much monotony about the subject-matter. Aerial bombardment is the constant theme, in which Fascist planes (distinguished by Herr Hitler's crook cross) drop bombs on buildings ostentatiously marked "escuela or "hospital." The drawing is unpassionate—for it is the implic tion rather than the appearance of an enemy aircraft that dramatic—but they have the charm which children's work almo always has. The child has still the advantage of any adult w consciously aspires to the "innocent eye." The materials a poor—pencils and crayons as against the luscious chalks a gouaches that Miss Richardson's children use. The results a correspondingly more austere and Spanish. A few drawings do by Basque children who are living in England are rather obvious pastoral—suggesting a placid refuge from aerial torpedoes a General Franco's siege guns. But one suspects that selection h something to do with this. Children do not ordinarily st drawing soldiers because they move to the country.

Czechoslovak Paintings at Mayor Gallery

In art, internationalism flourishes: the school of Paris embrac all. Only the artists who take their orders from Göring or Stal are free of its domination. Nearly all the Czechoslovak artis whose work is represented here have learnt from France. Som of them—such as M. Filla whose abstracts proclaim themselv every bit as good as Picasso and Braque, if a little less original, a M. Tichy are unashamedly French. M. Josef Kapek (part auth of the *Insect Play*) has the most pictures here. His paintings a gay, bright and simple as the peasant embroideries by which th seem to have been influenced—but as pictures they are unserio and almost perfunctory. M. Sedlaček's works in this show a slight, too, but even prettier than M. Kapek's. His colour is on for those who like it very sweet. M. Josef Šima is described i the catalogue as the "leading Czechoslovak Surrealist." It is a unenviable distinction, which his unspectacular painting hardl deserves. His *Memory of the Sea* is perhaps that sea coast Bohemia whose geography has so long been a problem.

THE COMING WEEK

SATURDAY, October 9th—
"Waiting for Lefty," and other plays. Unity Theatre Productio St. Stephen's Hall, Pond Street, N.W.3.

SUNDAY, October 10th—
China Campaign Committee Trafalgar Square Demonstration, Chinese and English Speakers.
Mass Rally for Spanish Medical Aid. Speakers: Major Attle D. N. Pritt, Philip Jordan and others. People's Palace, 8.

TUESDAY, October 12th—
"Modern Schools" Exhibition, Royal Institute of Britis Architects.
The Very Rev. W. R. Matthews on "The Christian View o Society," Fellowship House, S.W.1, 3.
Dr. William Brown on "Modern Psychology and Religion," University College, 8.15.
Public Meeting to demand the abolition of all bombing-planes, Queen's Hall, 8. Chairman: George Lansbury.
Bach Cantata Club Concert, St. Margarets.
"Measure for Measure," Old Vic.

WEDNESDAY, October 13th—
"Blondie White," Globe.

THURSDAY, October 14th—
Motor Show, Earls Court.
Royal Philharmonic Society Concert, Queen's Hall, 8.15.
"Hide and Seek," Hippodrome.

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Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

IN *The Common Reader* Mrs. Woolf has a charming essay on John Evelyn in which she sums up the difference between the modern world and Evelyn's by emphasising his ignorance and our erudition. Watching a butterfly sunning itself upon the dahlias, we may muse much as Evelyn did, but we should never seize a knife and try to dissect a Red Admiral:

> No sane person in the twentieth century would entertain such a project for a second. Individually we may know as little as John Evelyn, but collectively we know so much that there is little incentive to private discoveries. We seek the encyclopaedia, not the scissors; and know in two minutes not only more than was known to Evelyn in his lifetime but the mass of knowledge is so vast that it is scarcely worth while to possess a single crumb.

Perhaps I may put myself out of court by admitting that I have dissected a good many insects in my time, but if such a proof of weak intellect be overlooked, I would like to break this butterfly with Mrs. Woolf. Apart from the private discoveries which lie waiting round every corner, Mrs. Woolf ignores the incentive to see for oneself, lacking which one may well share her pessimism, for unless one is enough interested to look at the real thing, what is the point of reading the encyclopaedia? Mrs. Woolf would be the last to suggest reading Baedeker as a substitute for visiting the Louvre.

* * *

One will never find out how to dissect insects from diagrams in a book. Of course, Evelyn and his friends knew so little that they increased the sum of human knowledge on every subject they dabbled in, and the reign of Charles II was the beginning of the great experimenting age. If Mrs. Woolf is right, it is over, and we are decadents who have reverted to a miserable scholasticism. But it seems that in trying to draw a distinction between the ages of ignorance and of erudition she has merely underlined the immense difference between temperaments. This seems particularly likely when she goes on to accuse Evelyn of being something of a bore. There is the temperament to which Mrs. Woolf and Samuel Pepys and I myself and, I think, immense numbers of people belong, who live in a world in which hopes and dreams and memories —the past, present and future—are mixed up in an associated mass. If I may borrow the simile, at the centre of their being is one of those little globes with a whirling snowstorm falling round the lighthouse and the tossing ship. Every one of their heartbeats sends the snow whirring again. Evelyn had no snowstorm. In him there was a crystal lens, through which he saw the external world and, accepting it completely, studied it all his life with untiring industry and love. There was nothing to obscure his vision, no internal friction to arrest his ceaseless activity. Mrs. Woolf sums him up in a flash: "He used his eyes; the visible world was always close to him," though she qualifies it by saying: "True we like the country; Evelyn never looked at the sky." Few of us can claim to like the country better than Evelyn, whose passion for it is revealed in the very titles of eight of his books—*Sylva, Pomona, Kalendarium Hortense*, etc. He also, begging Mrs. Woolf's pardon, seems to have looked at the sky. In *Fumifugiam* he inveighs against the "hellish and dismal cloud of SEA-COAL" which "envelopes London's stately head in clouds of smoake and sulphur so full of stink and darknesse." The book was reprinted in 1933 by the Smoke Abatement Society.

* * *

The above is one of the tiny facts I have culled from *John Evelyn: A Study in Bibliophily and a Bibliography of his Writings*, by Geoffrey Keynes (Cambridge, 63*s*.), which is a very much more interesting and valuable book than any bibliography I have seen before. Twenty-one years ago Mr. Keynes and the late Mr. A. T. Bartholomew agreed to collaborate in collecting and investigating Evelyn's writings. Mr. Bartholomew was at the University Library, Cambridge; Mr. Keynes in the R.A.M.C., where he found Evelyn a distraction: "the kind booksellers, who in spite of everything kept their catalogues in circulation, can scarcely have realised how much pleasure they were giving to disconsolate bibliophils in dug-outs and windy tents in France and Flanders." Real progress followed the end of the war with a visit to Wotton House, the home of the Evelyn family, where most of Evelyn's papers and books are still preserved. Mr. Keynes would certainly agree that the most important result of his visits to Wotton was that he persuaded the late John Evelyn and Mrs. Evelyn to deposit the MS. of the diary at the Bodleian for ten years so that an accurate transcript might be prepared for publication. Some years ago I had the opportunity of comparing a large part of this transcript with the published version, which is a selection in which changes have been made by the editor and which is quite inadequate. The publication of Evelyn's diary in its entirety, edited by Mr. Esmond de Beer, to whose exact scholarship Mr. Keynes pays tribute, will be an event of great importance to all students of the seventeenth century. At Wotton Mr. Keynes was able to examine all Evelyn's manuscripts, two of which—the delightful *Memoires for My Grandson* and *Directions to the Gardener at Say's Court*—he has since edited and published.

* * *

He was also able to study Evelyn's library and his arrangement of his books and manuscripts. From early years Evelyn was a great reader and a careful collector of all he thought worth preserving, as shown by his motto: "Proove all things, Retaine the Best," which he inscribed in many. More peculiar are the shelf-marks. While Pepys arranged his books by size, irrespective of subject, even having leather-covered stilts made to lift up those which would nowhere approximate the height of their neighbours, Evelyn arranged his books by subjects, classifying them in a most elaborate manner under the names of ninety-five different gods, goddesses, monsters, emperors and the like. Thus books of poetry were assigned to the Muses, military matters to the Furies, and medicine—"a little unkindly," says Mr. Keynes—to the Fates. In the result *de Imitatione Christi* found itself in the shelf labelled Apollo, while *The Book of Common Prayer* rested in Venus. Many of the books at Wotton are in extremely fine bindings, some of which are armorial. These were all thought to be Evelyn's, but a study of heraldry and workmanship has revealed that some were bound for Evelyn's father-in-law, Sir Richard Browne, with whom Evelyn lived at Say's Court, and who shared his tastes. The arms of Browne and Evelyn are very similar, except in tincture, and it seems the two bibliophils conspired to make them approximate as closely as possible on the bound volumes, which Evelyn was to inherit.

* * *

The list of Evelyn's own writings naturally tells us even more of the wide sweep of his interests than anything, and Mr. Keynes has added a preface to each item explaining the circumstances which led to its composition and publication. This extremely good idea adds enormously to the value of his book, for he has thus transformed the dry bones of a bibliography into what is virtually a biography of Evelyn as author. Since Evelyn was always inclined to make a book on every subject he cared about, this amounts to a spiritual biography. Mr. Keynes's latest bibliography seems to me to set a new standard for bibliographers by showing them what an immensely valuable work they can do if they go a little beyond recording dates and title-pages. The research and patient accuracy required must have needed the tireless industry and a temperament akin to that of Evelyn himself. One hundred and seventy-five of Evelyn's own writings are listed, including reprints, of which the Diary provides no less than twenty-seven. Among the rarest of Evelyn's writings is his anonymous translation of a Jansenist treatise entitled: *The Pernicious*

consequences of the new heresie of the Jesuits against the King and the State, which is here identified and described for the first time. It is impossible to read through Mr. Keynes's notes and explanations, and to look at Evelyn's sensitive and spiritually tranquil face, without feeling deep affection and envy. He was a man who knew how to be happy, was never idle and was never bored—but his heart was never blinded by a little whirling snowstorm. DAVID GARNETT

NAVAL TELESCOPE : WRONG END

The Mutiny at Invergordon. By LIEUT-COMMANDER KENNETH EDWARDS, R.N. retired. *Putnam.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

On Tuesday, September 15th, 1931, the crews of certain Atlantic Fleet ships at Invergordon refused duty and prevented their ships from going to sea for practices. Their object was a protest against the unjust " cuts " in pay, from 4*s.* to 3*s.* per day in the case of lower ratings, or 25 per cent. Six days later in the House of Commons, the Prime Minister, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, announced that the " cuts," part of the recently formed National Government's economy drive, were to be limited to 10 per cent.

Naval officers present (I was on board the battle-cruiser *Hood*, flagship of Rear-Admiral Tomkinson, the acting Commander-in-Chief) considered that the trouble was due to one thing—pay. In *The Mutiny at Invergordon*, Lt.-Cdr. Edwards, until recently the naval correspondent of the *Morning Post*, has gone from the Baltic to South America and from the Black Sea to the West Indies, to garner fleet and individual ship mutinies and incidents, foreign and our own, during the last 20 years, in his efforts to prove that the two-days' " breeze " at Invergordon was modelled on the German Fleet mutiny in 1918 and engineered by Communists.

An example of his misinterpretation of the facts of previous naval history is his references to the Lower Deck Welfare Committees instituted in 1919. As he did not join the Navy until 1920, he has no personal knowledge of their inception, which possibly accounts for his errors that " in the first place the Committees were called upon to consider the equitable distribution of prize-money " and " that their institution was a milestone in the social history of the Royal Navy."

Nearly three centuries ago, in 1654, it was decided that it was lawful for seamen to present their grievances by way of petition, and both officers and men did so for many years. From 1907 to the Great War the joint committee of lower deck societies drew up an annual " Loyal Appeal " or " Magna Charta," which was debated in the House of Commons and accepted unofficially at the Admiralty. After the war the Admiralty introduced a system of Welfare Conferences—the unofficial system, somewhat modified, became an official one. Elected representatives drew up class and general requests, at meetings arranged by the authorities, but Lt.-Cdr. Edwards is unable to distinguish between the activities of these biennial conferences and the joint committees of the societies which had a continuous existence.

Naturally, pay was an important item in the pre-war Appeals, but until 1917 junior A.B.s received the standard rate of 1*s.* 8*d.* per day introduced in 1860. Unrest in the Grand Fleet and petitions, ashore and afloat, resulted in an increase of 3*d.* per day for junior ratings and then 2*d.* to 5*d.* for all ratings. An Appeal at the end of 1918 and further unrest caused the Admiralty, on January 6th, 1919, to appoint a committee of officers, with twelve ratings in an advisory capacity, to investigate the pay question—not prize-money. It was the successful working of this committee which caused the Admiralty " to make permanent arrangements on the same lines "—the Welfare Conferences which functioned on alternate years until after the Invergordon " breeze."

On January 18th over 100 delegates from lower deck societies met in London, on their own initiative, with the press present, to draw up a united appeal for the pay committee. A week later, suddenly realising that naval ratings were grossly underpaid, the Government approved a substantial temporary bonus. After the committee reported, the pay of an A.B. was raised to 4*s.* a day. Although a lower rate of 3*s.* was introduced from October, 1925, for new entries, from time to time official statements were made that ratings entered prior to that date would not have their pay reduced. The 1931 cut was therefore not only considered to be unjust, but also a breach of contract. In addition, with the knowledge of the long fight for over 20 years to get more pay, by pennies, ratings felt that it was up to them to make a protest against a cut of a shilling. As the cuts were to be enforced from October 1st, less than three weeks from their announcement, time was of the essence of any action.

Excuses may be made for a naval officer unaware of the history of lower deck petitions and pay, although it is easily available,* but not for errors of fact in what are claimed to be " accounts of eye-witnesses who were present during the crisis," even though he himself was not there. Not only are correct dates essential, but also times, in a " true story " of Invergordon, for the fleet was there for less than six days and nothing untoward happened during the first 48 hours. The ships arrived on Friday afternoon, but circumstances were still such on Sunday afternoon that the admiral, chief of staff and commander of the *Hood* went ashore on leave. The Admiralty orders with details of the " cuts " had been received on board the *Hood* on the previous evening, but the author claims they were not opened. Certainly, the ratings got the first news of their actual losses from the Sunday papers, and those who went ashore discussed methods of protest at a meeting in the canteen that evening. An Admiralty letter explaining the cuts did not reach some ships until the Monday, but the arrival of the fleet flagship *Nelson* on Sunday evening enabled Admiral Tomkinson to see a copy that night—not Monday night as stated in the book. According to the author, the Admiral made his decision to cancel the sailings before 8 a.m. on Tuesday, because two ships had not sailed. Actually the decision was made because of a general demonstration during the breakfast hour—a far different matter—but the signal was not made until a couple of hours later than inferred in the book. The fleet sailed for the home ports next evening for inquiries to be made into the pay trouble.

The cover of the book betrays the premises which underlie Lt.-Cdr. Edwards' writing. The hammer and sickle covers the Admiralty foul anchor; the " Red Flag " is depicted at the masthead. At the same time the author is equally concerned to prove the correct, but utterly contradictory, thesis that the men were solely concerned to prevent the disastrous pay cuts. In his own words :

> Some of the more turbulent spirits sang the " Red Flag," but this did not meet with the approval of the majority. In the words of one of the mutineers after the event : " It was beer and not men who sang. We were not disloyal but fighting for our rights."

Mountains are made out of molehills. A " sailors' soviet " or " fleet executive," which only existed in the minds of a few ratings when ashore, is referred to, the inference being that it controlled the mutiny in much the same way as the delegates of the " General Assembly " took command of the fleet during the mutiny at Spithead in 1797. Nothing is farther from the truth. There was no question of usurping the powers of the officers, yet a chapter is headed " The Birth of The Sailors' Soviet." Much is also made of outside " political agitators " and " a great campaign " ashore, despite such repeated remarks of the author as " the great majority of the men regarded the crisis . . . as a purely domestic crisis into which they resented the intrusion of outsiders." The rough handling of a civilian is described and the remark added : " the men . . . once again demonstrated that they considered the question as a domestic problem for the Navy, in which no outsider could be allowed to interfere."

As a first attempt to assemble the facts of an event of national, as well as naval, importance *The Mutiny at Invergordon* has some merit. The blame is rightly placed on the Admiralty, as it always has been, for being stampeded into approving unjust " cuts " which they should never have accepted, and the contention of several others reiterated that there should have been a full inquiry. A lesson advocated " is the need for realisation of the fact that the British sailor of to-day must be treated as a human being capable of thought and feeling." It is unfortunate that the lesson had not been learnt before. If this book impresses that lesson it will have served some purpose. But throughout it there runs the impress of haste, confirmed by wrong dates and an incomplete index, even of the names of ships dealt with. Its many other inaccuracies lead to wrong conclusions. The telling of an important story is still further and more seriously obscured by the author's determination to prove that revolutionary propaganda and not the very concrete pay cuts was the cause of all the trouble. An accurate and unbiased account of these events has yet to be given to the public.

H. PURSEY

* *Brassey's Naval Annual*, 1937—" From Petitions to Reviews."

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Georgian Adventure. By DOUGLAS JERROLD. *Collins.* 15*s.*

A book to review is—I have the authority of Shaw for saying so—an occasion to improve. Even if it were not so, Douglas Jerrold's book is an irresistible temptation to anyone with an ounce of homily in him. It is a staggering object lesson in the political bankruptcy to which Capitalism in crisis has reduced able men of the pre-war generation, who are also men of good will. Able men of good will who have come to maturity since the war are, I like to think, well away on the Left; able post-war men lacking good will, somewhere on the Right. But Mr. Jerrold is not, as far as I can see, anywhere at all.

Georgian Adventure, is, its publishers say, "one of the most important books of the year." I will put the reader of this review in a position to judge for himself whether the publisher is right. Primarily the book is a record of Mr. Jerrold's career. We see him at Westminster, at Oxford, at Gallipoli as a member of the Naval Division, in the Ministry of Food helping Wise, in the Treasury, in Sir Ernest Benn's publishing house helping Gollancz, in an election at Leicester helping Winston Churchill, at an observation post in the rebel lines outside Madrid with "Y.B." (Yeats-Brown), editing the *English Review*, explaining the Abyssinian crisis to the inhabitants of Louisville, Kentucky, visiting Spain (Nationalist Spain) "to get the wherewithal to kill new and foul lies." Through his pages, thick as blackberries in September, stalk the great. He talks to Alfonso—"When I asked the King . . ."—to H. A. L. Fisher—"Herbert Fisher told me only the other day . . ."—to Mosley. A. P. Herbert, Lord Lloyd, Hilaire Belloc, Sir Leslie Wilson, Gilbert Frankau, General Franco—all these figure in his "bag." He makes *obiter dicta*: the real significance of the Russian revolution was that it "worked to the ruin" of Western democracy; "Nothing said since 1914 in any public assembly has made any difference at all"; if you want to be a dictator, you must be and look like Baldwin and not like Mosley; greatness resides "not in brains nor in virtue . . . but in a force of body, mind and will far above that which ordinary men have the capacity to control" (Winston Churchill and Belloc are the examples cited), and so on . . .

Nothing very much the matter with all this, and some of the book is of first-rate interest, notably the section devoted to a description of post-war publishing with Gollancz. One learns that the Benn Sixpenny series was a comparative failure; that the leisured class, which is also lettered, has received, broadly speaking, no recruits since the war; that "most people stop serious reading at 25 and don't start again until they are 50"; that young men to-day do not read to enrich their minds but to harden their views.

All this and much more is conveyed in a curiously allusive style. Mr. Jerrold has written a book in which the pearls of his experience are being cast for the delectation of the reading public. Yet, curiously, one continually gets the impression of pearls withheld. We are told that Mr. Baldwin's one experimental appointment was "unhappy to the edge of disaster," but not what it was; that on "four occasions Mr. Baldwin was forced . . . into action," but not what they were; that we must "recast our system of election," but not how; that on the ruins of "the new world order . . . something better can and will be built, but . . . only on One Foundation," but not what the foundation is. I am only left to suspect that Mr. Jerrold means the Pope! But it is tantalising of Mr. Jerrold to withhold so much information, especially as on occasion he shows that he can write good forthright stuff with the best of them, as, for example, where he tells us that "in support of the sacred principles of Liberalism, dukes intolerant of government and dustmen hungry for the lack of it, had stood fast, shoulder to shoulder, and at the dukes' elbows was aligned the long, if not strong, phalanx of financial gentlemen, ready with a wink and a nudge to do anything for the cause."

As a final example of Mr. Jerrold's coy allusiveness, I cite his reference to a "main stream of Continental and Christian culture" with which the younger English intellectuals cannot, we are told, "ally themselves," because "with rare and striking exceptions"—"Jack Squire" is cited as one of the exceptions—"they had never heard of it." What is this stream, and where is its source? Again I suspect the Pope; I suspect, too, that it is in Franco's Spain that the "main stream of Continental and Christian culture" finds its most abundant contemporary freshet. I may be wrong in this suspicion, but why should Mr. Jerrold who could, I am sure, tell us straight out what he means if he wanted to, leave me and his other readers in doubt?

As I hinted at the beginning, Mr. Jerrold is at bottom a man of good will. As early as 1913 he was perceiving that "the only intelligent idea floating round Oxford was Guild Socialism." His book is, moreover, inspired throughout by a passion for liberty. The need of the world, he tells us, is for peace and freedom, and he sees that "the basis of liberty is economic independence." He sees too the thousand and one dangers to liberty in the modern world, and mentions among the chief the monopolisation of the Press by a few rich men, who deliberately use their monopoly for the creation of a standardised mass opinion. Again and again he inveighs against this mass opinion, which makes it increasingly difficult for arguments for unpopular views to obtain a hearing.

All this is very gratifying to the enlightened reader, who is himself a man of good will, but it only increases his surprise at finding that Mr. Jerrold regards government by organised political parties in England as a dictatorship and English Fascism as the reaction of "the unorganised majority" against "this dictatorship"; at hearing him insist that the "future of religion and freedom, the future of mere decency, for that matter, in Europe is bound up" with the refusal to tolerate the lawfully elected Spanish Government—"this thing," he calls it—and on reading his description of General Franco as "a hero possibly; possibly a saint." "I know, I think," Mr. Jerrold adds, with pardonable complacency, "a little of men."

C. E. M. JOAD

A REHEARSAL

The Annexation of Bosnia. By BERNADOTTE E. SCHMITT. *Cambridge.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Why did the Great War happen?

No historian has yet found a simple answer to that question, and perhaps none ever will. But those who seek it will come nearest to truth who first ask themselves why it did not happen before. If war was endemic in the European polity, as most people believed, and if it could not be isolated, as the diplomats foresaw, then it was evident even to Bismarck, before the old century was out, that the initial eruption would occur on the Danube, between Austria and Serbia. The present book, which describes the crisis engendered by the Austrian annexation of Bosnia and Herzgovina in 1908–09, makes the murder of Franz Ferdinand seem, not the cause of the War, but simply the precipitation of the inevitable.

The story is a diplomatic one. It is told, with impeccable documentation, in diplomatic terms: despatches, notes, conversations and royal letters speak for themselves, and behind their suavity, as behind the author's own, there develops a picture of the unheeding peoples tottering and blind upon the brink over which they must eventually fall. It is a very intricate story. Omit one paragraph, the thread is lost and there remains only a bewildering sequence of moves and counter-moves, whose apparent futility resembles a schoolboys' intrigue. But if you follow the story through, remembering that the Austrian Empire, which represented a very definite and valuable part of European civilisation, felt its existence threatened by the ambitions of the southern Slavs, and that the wiser statesmen realised exactly the danger inherent in this feeling, the academic game of chess-by-correspondence here so calmly elucidated assumes the light of a ghastly rehearsal.

In 1914, when the curtain actually rose, the murder of the Archduke gave a certain dignity to the overture. In 1908, there was none: Isvolsky met Aerenthal at Buchlau, and one imagines them elaborately misunderstanding one another over the port, or whatever people drink in Moravia, while Berchtold, their host, sat by taking notes for his part as jeune premier six years later. Aerenthal got the better of it in the end, because Germany, with her talent for fishing in troubled waters, sent Russia what amounted to an ultimatum. And the result of that was that the Entente became an alliance and Bismarck's nightmare came true at last. "It would be too silly," said Kiderlen-Wächter, in his polite Teutonic way, "if Europe fell to fighting and hundreds of thousands of men were killed for the beaux yeux of those Serbian pigs." Now, thirty years afterwards, many people think it *was* too silly. Yet I often wonder what the world would be like to-day if hundreds of thousands of Englishmen had not been killed for the beaux yeux of those Belgian pigs, and whether, bad as it is, it might not be worse. This is cold comfort, but it is the best there is for the study of pre-war diplomacy.

ROBERT BYRON

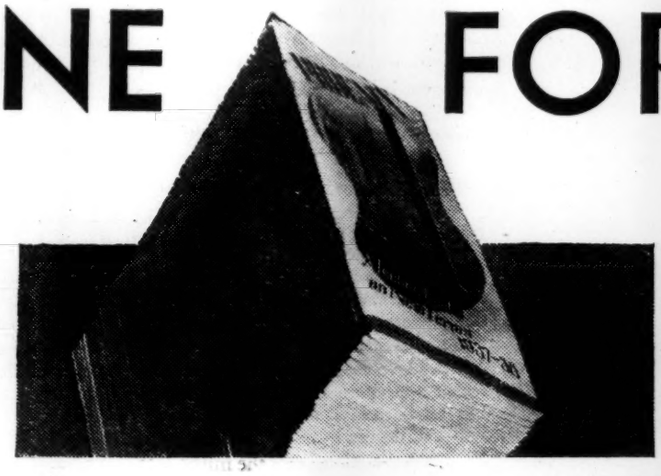
THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

AUTUMN BOOKS SUPPLEMENT

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1937

ONE FOR YOU



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ULTIMATE DEATH

[*Translated from the Spanish of Manuel Altolaguirre.*]

ULTIMATE death : peace.
I know not whether to sing life
or mourn death.

Sailor, sailor,
you were the river, now are the sea.
I know not on what note to sing
in order to be more truthful,
for if from the compass of your death
peace was born, then stronger
than my grief should be my joy.

Ultimate death : peace.
I know not whether to sing your death
or mourn my life.

STEPHEN SPENDER

CHERISH THE HAND

DISOWN the casual mouth, with courtier tooth
And gudgeon lip that can no bait resist :
Cherish the hand ; neglected on the wrist
Hooded and fasting sits the falcon Truth.

ANTONIA WHITE

THE HOLIDAYMAKERS

YES, they stare as they stroll, vaguer than fish, yes, they are pink and dun ;
Yes, they mirthfully hoot, drink, and then sit eructating as one.

Yes, imperious wind, ocean a-gleam, sun's paradisal mesh
Seem to shudder away when they enfold these pale portents of flesh.

True, the indigo night blazes for them aureate plume on plume,
Day puffs dahlia magnificence, wafts heliotrope to their room ;

Music, breathless, attacks rayon-hid souls, climbs in a burst of fronds
Round the flannel of legs, strives to enweave chain-store bosoms in bonds ;

Bows the town from the waist balcony-high, croons an adoring hymn ;
Yet the purple elect pass and re-pass, unexplainably grim.

Ah, but stay ! do I dream ? did not there not rise once against evening veils
Stretched the firmament long, did there not cleave sand and breakers and sails

One adagio pair, profile of warm stone in a daze divine,
Breeze-abandoned the locks, eyes of a blue lightning, hands in a twine ?

Coats outblown became wings, wings from the feet sprang, as the hearts and breath
Burned them both from the beach, Paolo's, Francesca's glide towards death ;

Thus they passed in a great swirl of baroque putti and clouds and moons,
Roses pierced with the sun, trembling to rich Neapolitan tunes,

Jones, solicitor's clerk, and his betrothed, dactylograph from Leeds,
Satin-tight in the noose, Venus' make, barred from duties and needs,

Barred from all the immense stertorous crowd, lone with a hundred sighs,
Lone with silver of gulls, diamond faith, and my curious eyes.

DERWENT

THE WINDOW

SPEEDING to the sea in a car they saw quickly the window glow suddenly with its objects looking out and all conglomerate with colour, but rapidly passing it blurred, was lost and pushed back into black planks and swiftly receded with the side of the cottage, the telegraph poles like one and one and marking the distance away. Then they all thought of the child who had put its toys in the window to await its return from play. They grew sentimental elaborating the theme as the car swayed and bumped over the bad country road. The window with its dozens of half-glimpsed objects became a pleasant thought like a flower held and presented by a child. But the child was a composite of the adults grown sentimental in a bumping car. It was a beautiful day.

Miss Wilberforce receives a remittance once a month from her brother whom she has not seen for twenty years and knows only as a round and tightly collared face on a thick and glossy photograph. She imagines the embossed name in the corner to be that of her brother. She is always pleased when the notes come because they can be changed into shining coins to put in her pretty vases and under the mattress. The postman always stands away from her, he knows she wants the badge in his hat. Once a week Miss Wilberforce, tall and like a closed bat in her black, pushes a lopsided perambulator which shudders and squeals on its way to the town, a walk of seven miles. On her dusty heap of hair, curled round as though asleep there reposes a purple toque of pile-worn velvet, like a relic from some royal rubbish dump. Her skirt might be a battered umbrella cover with bony knees as broken ribs rubbing through the cloth. With ribbons pinned around her waist she goes from door to door looking like an absurd mummer, begs for oddments, scraps of material, old china, anything bright. The people know her well and save any trinket or cracked cup for this beribboned apparition, this vacuous fragment of gentility, who is an outcast in her village, all doors are shut to her there, for she would rake in dustbins even at night, scratching like some nocturnal hen in the dim light of a child's bull's-eye lantern. The constable stopped that and every time he passes her she spits in his direction, which is an unladylike but easy way to express contempt. She is quite happy, however, for her rooms are a veritable museum of beautiful things, and she will never forget the lovely lamp-stand she had given to her, such a glorious beaded shade full of camels and pyramids. Although

she had difficulty getting it home she would say a prayer every night for the giver, until she had difficulty in remembering who the man was with the holes in his hands and the blood. She had a statue of him, but it fell down and the head shattered, so she put a china shoe with pretty flowers on top of the statue and it has chief place on the mantelpiece in the front room. It is wonderful to sit amidst a sea of every shape, colour and design you can think of, and know they are all your friends and blessing you. Realising this, one has no need to eat, except a crust or two now and again, for here is a feast for the eyes and the fingers (she stretches out an arm that should creak through its rusty black sleeve) and, after all, the senses are more important than guzzling to all gentlefolk worthy of the name. How gratifying also to see one's greetings being returned. Happy faces everywhere, even the humblest cigarette-card conceals a smile if only one looks for it. (Her refined face draws tautly up on either side like sallow drapery to disclose large and neat grey teeth.) O glorious world of texture, shine and shape where one can assemble and reassemble the inhabitants, can work out the most intricate problems, the most involved colour schemes. Once she tried to make a catalogue of all her bright darlings, even spent twopence on an exercise book to do so, but it was no use, and really she was glad because it meant she had so many friends, more than anyone in the world, and nobody knew except the creeper tapping on the window, but it will never tell. Each night she turns over the well-thumbed pages of a huge book of wallpaper specimens. It has become a bible to her, and she marks the place for next day with the handle of a spoon. Her universe is within the four damp walls of this black-planked cottage scabrous with age. In a room which was once her kitchen and where the spiders stretch their webs like shawls with dust, stands the wreck of a tailor's dummy. It is a figure of a small boy without a nose, and a hollow where his left hand should be. Miss Wilberforce is a little frightened of him, for his expression is almost a reflection of her own, it might even be her child conjured up from the beloved debris. He stands with a chipped smile, baldheaded, his handless arm raised slightly from his side. Around his neck is the small offering of a string of beads. She cannot remember now with what triumph she brought him home one day, lolling in the perambulator, staring with dead, painted eyes at the countryside, and how the children threw stones but would not come near. When the rooms got to be too full, she strung objects from the ceiling where they swing in the draught, strange stalactites that knock her brittle skull as she bustles about her thousand idiotic tasks and prattles to her cracked and threadbare souvenirs, sometimes kissing them (her dry mouth has tributaries of wrinkles) before replacing them so carefully, for they are rare as museum pieces to her. And the days pass, each one marked by a memento however small, and when night loosens its raven hair Miss Wilberforce sits with her candle, turning over the wallpapers so full of flowers that have no scent, and birds that do not peck and all such pretty colours. She marks her place, the book is shut, and as she rises, her shivering shadow falls like a huge figurehead upon the window clustered with its ornaments, flows over its angles, curves, and brightness, and the passing countryman quickens his step, the cropped hair bristling under his cap. Morning comes and the blinded light thrusts its fingers past a stiff and greasy cascade of curtains hard as paper lace plate mats dragged back with tasselled cord on each side of the grey oblong, it gropes its way, making an inventory of each worn, chipped, and threadbare object, the accumulation that is a barricade against life and death. An army that has advanced across the exhausted carpet, clambered over the chair and table, marched towards the window where its battalions are ranged round and on top of a fly-blown pot that rests on the skeleton-like framework of a bamboo table. There they gaze towards the placid meadows. The wear-tonsured doll, the cheap china shepherdess with half a face, the spray of dusty artificial roses tucked in the curtain cord, four lead soldiers, the gilt picture-frame leaning against a ruined teapot which contains the leaf-carved leg of a chair, the playing cards placed like a fan on the top of a bright biscuit tin, the Christmas streamer that coils like a snake in and out and above this motley, innumerable objects large and small and every one so dear to the contented half-wit who picks her way through the maze and does not hear the sniggering yet, the veiled threat in the words on a book cover, the mutinous whispering, the fact that one day the walls of her brain will fall, and she will sit surrounded by her insane collection waiting for the lightning to strike.

Alastair Stewart

A THOUSAND MASS-OBSERVERS

Mass-Observation Day-Survey. Edited by Humphrey Jennings, Charles Madge and others. *Faber and Faber.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

A Thousand Mass-Observers. Mass-Observation. 1*d.*

The Mass-Observer is in our midst. You may, I may, be a Mass-Observer, one of the many to whom this movement has brought consolation and, in the words of its originators, "a new lease of life." Or if not observers, we shall at least be the observed. Which side of the bed—presuming you have a choice—do you get out of in the morning? You may not know, but soon there will be someone to tell you. How you eat oranges, wield your cigarette and say good-bye, whether you look twice before crossing the street, your behaviour at church, in the bathroom, under a new moon—these and many other unconsidered trifles will be snapped up by the observation men. Oh, don't imagine you can escape. At all times, quietly, the reckoner will be at work; practising, we are told, in his spare time on the ornaments at home or the discouraged row of faces in the tube. And on field-days—the twelfth day of every month is a glorious Twelfth, when he receives the "directive" to go "hunting"—mass-observation will become frantic.

> Halfway down New Street (writes Observer CO. 29) we met T. and his wife and little girl. He was "observing." We walked on, and in Corporation Street D. said he wondered if a girl behind was observing too, for she was walking along the street looking quietly to right and left of her; her expression was expectant and attentive—so much so that it was noticeable.

In this situation, when presumably the observers shake hands, it is easy enough for them; but when *I* am followed along Corporation Street, Birmingham, by three observers and their families, what am I to do? If I call a policeman or a taxi, my timidity will be noticed; if not, I may develop some tic which will make them follow me for life. But we shall at least know a Madge and Harrison man at sight; to judge from the literature, he is a type already. In first-class carriages he will shelter behind the *Times;* dense spectacles, everywhere, will be a warning. In general a loping walk, elephant ears, an eye trained to keyholes, a habit of sitting in corners and writing on envelopes, are suspect. The more romantic observer, emerging from his "field wardrobe" as from the covers of a Sexton Blake, will be spotted at once. "Mummy, who is that gentleman under the palm tree over there, with a cloth cap and a false moustache?" "Hush, darling, that's a Mass-Observer."

One's first impression of Mass-Observation is that it is the perfect subject for the Marx Brothers. "Anyone," says the leaflet, "can Mass-Observe." *Anyone*, note that. The whole movement depends on the belief that a thousand Mass-Observers can't be wrong. Can't they! The most difficult thing in the world is to tell the truth about anything. Writers don't do it, say Messrs. Harrison, Madge, etc., but it comes naturally to everyone else; these reports have a *scientific* value. It is the old fallacy that the camera cannot lie; the camera in this case being a sap who is too uninstructed to do anything except register facts.

But glancing at these reports one discovers two opposed types of mass-observer: the natural (the "camera," material for the amateur anthropologist), and the amateur anthropologist himself. Others, of course, are half-way between the two and hover between blurting out themselves and quizzing their neighbours. CO. 18 (Cumberland) belongs to the first type, the natural:

> Coronation Day. 7.10: Got up. Shaved carefully all except position of possible side-burns for carnival make-up. Although feeling tired, I was determined to throw myself into making a day of it. Did not have the usual cold bath, but washed my feet, which were tired after a hard day yesterday, Tuesday. Put on my best

Autumn **PETER DAVIES** Publications

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grey summer's suit, clean white collar, and bright (royal *not* Communist) red tie. 7.45: Went downstairs, made tea . . .

And so on, the trivialities of the day. One phrase there the "anthropologist" might seize on: "I was determined to throw myself into making a day of it." That is the sort of self-revelation expected of the natural. The second type, the quizzer, writes in a very different, though hardly less trivial, way; here is CM. 7, of the Mobile Squad, direct from headquarters:

Coronation Eve. 11.45 p.m.: Euston full of people staying the night on waiting benches. Refreshment-room and Enquiry Hall full. In waiting-room drunk man knocks chair over, sits on floor. Policeman says "Hey, sit up," but leaves him to lie there. Man drinking beer and eating sandwiches in telephone box. Rush of excursionists arriving from Macclesfield to engage seats for their return journey, etc., etc.

Everything in Mass-Observation being of equal value, these boring reports (echoed by hundreds of others) are given the same prominence as extracts of genuine interest. I note, for example, belonging to what I have called type one, the natural, this:

Coronation Day, Leeds. Statement from old-age pensioner (female): "Me and Jane never stirred out all day. It wasn't fit. We didn't even go to t' pictures. And my poor feet was awful, awful!"

And belonging to type two, the quizzing, this:

Baldwin, who has his head dogwise over the ledge of the carriage window, and his tongue out, gets the biggest cheer.

Mass-Observation Day-Survey, in fact, is interesting when its reporters cease to mass-observe and begin to observe instead. It is divided into two parts, the Coronation and an ordinary day in March, and is comparable to such documentary films as Ruttmann's *Berlin* or Grierson's *Drifters*. It has no less and no more scientific value, despite the anthropological flourish; unlike either film, it suffers abominably from lack of cutting. Though tedious in the present form, it is fascinating to dip in for its *choses vues* (the letter and the diary being outmoded forms of writing, people jump at a chance like this). One learns many things one missed at the time: that in Scotland, for example, the Pope was burned in effigy as a protest against the invitation sent to the Pope to attend the Coronation. A vivid picture of the actual Coronation crowd can be pieced together from passages in the reports: the curious swaying which from time to time spread through its ranks; the laughter whenever a horse dunged (there was more than a touch of envy in their amusement); the "feeding" of the troops as though they were pet animals; the pleasure in naming royalties as they passed; the fact that no one listened to the street broadcasts of the Abbey ceremony, and when the rain finally descended, it was accepted with truculent relief. We are given a fair impression of the behaviour of crowds, but crowds, it must be remembered, worked up to an artificial pitch of excitement and unsteadied by the long wait. Most of the actual descriptions are extensions of newspaper stories—without, perhaps, newspaper exaggeration, but without also for the most part their flair for news. Does it make a whole? I do not think that either scientifically or aesthetically it does. The reason for its failure as scientific reporting (and therefore as material for the anthropologist) will be found on page 295, where the editors discuss 77 replies to the question, "What did your neighbours think?"; of the 77, "67 *replies attributed to friends and neighbours views which coincided with the Observer's own views*"; i.e., their observation was probably worthless. The editors recognise here a flaw in their method, but dismiss it by saying that "it is necessary to call a great number of witnesses in order to prevent individual bias from interfering with accuracy." So, though "anyone" can be a Mass-Observer, everyone else will have to be called in order to correct what he says. Why not admit that the quality, and not the mass, of observation is what counts, that one Flaubert (who after all begun the thing—*Bouvard and Pécuchet* is Mass-Observation carried out with genius) or even one Zola is worth a million of Messrs. Harrison and Madge's rank and file?

Mass-Observation, besides being anthropology for the million, is fancied by the few—the quizzers in the group—as a literary creed. Much of the present book is Zola catalogue reduced to pointless insignificance; the FACT, big or little, is given pre-eminence. That in literature facts do not of themselves add up does not trouble these writers at all. They have a mystical belief in the mob origin of their ideas, in mob infallibility, an absurdity to which their forerunners, the Unanimists, never descended. The mob in Mass-Observation, like the unconscious in surrealism, is always right; and as *faux naifs*, I should say Mass-Observationists have surrealism beaten every time. Naturally an art form from which no one is disqualified except the possessor of individual talent will appeal to many would-be writers. The literary activities of the group have received less attention than its anthropological field work, but I have no doubt as more and more people learn how easy it is to write, we shall hear more of it. Examine the writings of Mr. Charles Madge, the critical commissar at headquarters. In a recent number of *New Verse* he explained the superiority of the newspaper story over literature because the first was fact and the second not; yet some literature had to be admitted, so Mr. Madge gave his approval to a short Hardy poem, quoted, *because attached to it were its date and the place where it was written*. How factual, said Mr. Madge; Hardy was one of us. In another copy of *New Verse* he produced his mass-observation poem of Oxford. Thirty undergraduates clubbed together to write a poem; they pooled their sensations, then their lines, then their stanzas; after innumerable committees a common denomination was agreed on, and "Oxford," printed in *New Verse*, was the result. It was "a typical poem of Oxford"; typical being, to the Mass-Observer, a term of the highest praise. Apparently one is supposed to be a poet, and not merely a Mass-Observer, to take part in this particular game, but I find it hard to imagine anything dottier. This is the magic of numbers, indeed. At a pinch I might believe in the thousand Mass-Observers making one anthropologist, but one poet—no.

G. W. Stonier

WORDS FOR MUSIC

The Book of Songs. Translated from the Chinese by Arthur Waley. *Allen and Unwin.* 10s. 6d.

The Book of Songs is an anthology made at the beginning of the fifth century B.C. from the songs then being sung, but such of them as are datable, Mr. Waley tells us, range between 800 and 600 B.C. These poems are popular and anonymous, like our Ballads, but many of them seem the result of a highly individual emotion, and they are lyrical rather than narrative. It is difficult to think of any English equivalent—sometimes one may be reminded of "Here I go round the mulberry-bush," and sometimes of:

O Western Wind, when wilt thou blow
That the small rain down can rain?
Christ, that my love were in my arms,
And I in my bed again!

Mr. Waley tells us that he first read the poems twenty-four years ago. "It was simply as poetry that I read the *Songs*, and strangely enough perhaps, even more as music than as poetry. . . ." The text sang, just as the lines of Homer somehow manage to sing despite the barbarous ignorance with which we recite them." His book represents years of research into matters linguistic, botanic, zoological, historical, geographical and anthropological, and a supplement is issued separately containing textual notes and dealing with technical questions which concern the specialist. But Mr Waley offers us his translations in the hope that "despite the deadening lack of rhyme and formal metric," they may infect us with some of the aesthetic delight that they have given him.

In the introduction to his first book, 170 *Chinese Poems*, Mr. Waley said that out of the 305 poems in the *Book of Songs*, only about thirty are likely to interest the modern reader; and added, "The Odes are essentially *lyric* poetry, and their beauty lies in effects which cannot be reproduced in English"—an opinion which he repeated in his introduction to *The Temple*. I am delighted that he has changed his mind, but the reader must not expect from the *Book of Songs* the easy, or the intense, pleasure he found in the translations of Po Chü-I or Li Po—vastly civilised Tang officials who speak across eleven centuries to us about states of mind which are extraordinarily like our own. The *Songs* come from a comparatively barbarous society, and are often ritual or magical in purpose. Then again the unrhymed verse which Mr. Waley invented for his previous translations is beautifully adapted to the contemplative poems of the later period, but it seems too delicate and sophisticated to carry the burden of a folk song. (I mean to suggest not that these poems should have been translated into rhyme, but that they are more intolerant of translation.) Yet as you read through this book, gradually you find yourself fascinated and content. If I quote a song, it may, singly, seem rather flat; but here is a simple example:

That mad boy
Will not speak with me.
Yes, all because of you
I leave my rice untouched.

MACMILLAN

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MACMILLAN

That mad boy
Will not eat with me.
Yes, it is all because of you
That I cannot take my rest.

Most of the poems repeat themselves with slight variations in this way. Here is a more complicated example:

In the wilds there is a dead doe;
With white rushes we cover her.
There was a lady longing for the spring;
A fair knight seduced her.

In the wood there is a clump of oaks,
And in the wilds a dead dear
With white rushes well bound;
There was a lady fair as jade.

"Heigh, not so hasty, not so rough;
Heigh, do not touch my handkerchief.
Take care, or the dog will bark."

I think the beauty of this poem is immediately apprehended, but for its comprehension we need Mr. Waley's gloss:

> If people find a dead dear in the woods, they cover it piously with rushes. But there are men who "kill" a girl, in the sense that they seduce her and then fail to "cover up" the damage by marrying her. Such is the burden of the . . . poem, its last three lines calling up "elliptically" the scene of the seduction.

The handkerchief, he adds, was worn at the girdle.

One finds naturally close parallels to poems which are familiar.

Dreary, dreary the gloom;
The thunder growls.
I lie awake, cannot sleep,
And am destroyed with longing.

T is was written, I suppose, only a century or so before δέδυκε μὲν ἀ σελάννα. Then there is an *alba* or dawn-song, beginning:

The Lady: The cock has crowed:
It is full daylight.
The Lover: It was not the cock that crowed,
It was the buzzing of those green flies.

"Believe me, love, it was the nightingale." "It was the lark, the herald of the morn." Unluckily the green fly has not for us the poetic associations of the nightingale. It is perhaps worth noticing that in China it was Romeo not Juliet who sought to prolong the night; yet in the majority of these love-songs, it is the woman who speaks and the man who is extolled.

The acute appreciation of nature which informs later Chinese poetry (and Chinese painting) is already remarkably conscious in this early folk-verse. As Mr. Waley says:

> The flight of birds, their cries, the movements of animals, the condition of flowers, dewy or rain-dabbled, the restlessness of insects, the sound of their wings, the fading of the stars—all these play their part in early Chinese imagery; as symbols, illustrations, or omens according to the context.

The poet makes a statement about nature, and then one about his emotions. The analogy is left for the reader to deduce.

Buzz, buzz the bluebottles
That have settled on the hedge.
Oh, my blessed lord,
Do not believe the slanders that are said.

Here is a subtler example:

Uneasy is that osier boat;
It plunges, it bobs.
But now that I have seen my lord
My heart is at rest.

The first two lines are an image of the uneasiness felt by the lady before the meeting. Sometimes the poet emphasises his own grief by an image of the gaiety of Nature, indifferent to human sorrow.

Wings of the mayfly—
Dress so bright and new.
My heart is grieving;
Come back to me and stay.

Such contrasts are common in European poetry:

J'attends, en m'abîmant que mon ennui s'élève—
Cepen d nt L'Azur rit sur la haie et l'éveil
De tant d'oiseaux en fleur gazouillant au soleil.

But Mr. Waley tells us that this type of image was misunderstood by the later commentators on *The Book of Songs*. It was the fate, indeed, of these poems, most of which are concerned with courtship, marriage and war, to be treated by Confucius and his followers as morally symbolic, rather as the erotic *Song of Songs* was allegorised by the Christian Fathers. James Legge, to whom we owe the only previous translation into English, followed this tradition, and it is Mr. Waley, following and improving upon the great French Sinologist, Granet, who has now removed the varnish of twenty-five centuries, and shown us the vivid colours of the original works.

The *Songs* were moreover used, as the poems of Sadi and Hafiz still are in Persia, in allusive quotation, adding a grace to polite conversation, and hinting indirectly at a purpose in the refined negotiations of Oriental diplomacy One reason given by Confucius for studying them was that they would "widen our acquaintance with the names of birds, beasts, plants and trees." And Mr. Waley's readers will find a rare variety of unfamiliar names in his translations. There is the comparatively familiar furniture of asters, peonies, quinces, millet, tarragon, mistletoe, hemp, juniper, madder, mulberries (on which the doves intoxicate themselves), cicadas, orioles, bustards, pelicans, carp, sturgeon and turtle. But we also meet yellow-jaws, oil-trees, varnish-trees, sowthistle, pokeweed, kitesfoot, goat's-peach, cedrelas, cudranias, dryandras, ailantos and many other such mysteries. Warriors or sportsmen with ivory-tipped bows, red greaves and facings of leopard-fur, ride in rumbling chariots with fine axle-caps, bronze-knobbed reins, and tinkling harness-bells. Blind musicians play on stone-chimes and fish-skin drums. And occasionally our mentor blandly lets fall from the prodigious store-house of his erudition such surprising remarks as that "A large part of the human race believe that mankind is descended from melon-seeds."

Though I have been bewitched by these poems, I recommend them only with reserve, and to those who are prepared to take trouble. They are not easy of access, their content is slight, they have the rigid formality of very ancient and ritual objects, —archaic Greek vases, Byzantine Madonnas, Romanesque reliquaries. To have made them accessible at all is a *tour-de-force*, and only Mr. Waley, whom I take to be as distinguished a stylist as anyone now writing English, could have brought this distant and unfamiliar music to our ears. But now that he has succeeded in doing so, can we not hope that one of our composers, Mr. Walton perhaps or Mr. Lambert, will give again to some of these songs the setting of music for which their nature calls?

Raymond Mortimer

THE OLD FRONT LINE

"Conrad's Prefaces to His Works." With an Essay by Edward Garnett and a Biographical Note on his Father by David Garnett. *Dent.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

To review these prefaces again, and their critical and biographical notes, and to turn while doing it to Conrad's letters to Garnett, published by the Nonesuch Press nearly ten years ago, cannot be an impartial study to one who knew the two men; but the fun in it is only that of retrospection in idleness, trying to recover the light of brave days that are in the dark.

Edward Garnett, his son tells us here, finished this essay on his friend only a few days before his death, and its completion made him cheerful. He was always cheerful, when setting a lamp that the careless world might note an object of his admiration, neglected by it; and it was better then, if you disliked sarcasm that could playfully skin you, to leave his lamp alone. I myself never disputed the beauty of what he saw; in fact, said nothing, when he drew my attention to another "masterpiece."

Yet why not, if I thought he was mistaken? Well, of course there can be no saints in the world of publishing and criticism, but I must say Garnett was unique, selfless and tireless in his pure devotion to literature. He went on just as if he knew of a living Apollo, and so could not rest. "In my opinion," says his son, "Edward Garnett cannot be judged from anything he wrote." And in mine, too. Despite those of his ducklings which never managed to become swans, Garnett, in his life-long encouragement and criticism of creative effort, his assiduous fostering of merit, did more than any man I have met to add value to English literature.

It is natural for the worldly to be restive before such obstinate purity of motive. I mean I had a grudge or two against Garnett. But what does that matter? He once tried to beguile me with a novel by an American lady, who was, he assured me, "a more perfect writer than Thomas Hardy." I attempted that novel, only to reflect that perfection, if attainable, may be lifeless. But I did not tell him so, for I suspected even then that Hardy did not suit his book, so to speak, so must be presumed not to exist. You cannot fail to note the omission in this tribute to Conrad.

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ROBERT HALE

Nor, when arranging the facts to show us that Conrad brought something entirely new into our literature of the sea, does he remember Melville. All this is of no importance in the full account, since his devotion to our best interests gave us Conrad, as well as Hudson and Doughty. As for his own writings he was so modest that he never mentioned them, except to draw your attention to a piece in praise of one who had not yet received recognition.

A doubt takes me. Garnett's eulogy of Joseph Conrad, and Conrad's collected prefaces to his books disclosing his motives in story-telling and his standard of values, may be received in mild surprise by this generation. ("What's it all about?").

The plaudits now are for names Conrad and Garnett did not know, for reasons which would have baffled them; so when I feel cantankerous, because of one thing or another in this book of theirs, it is only as though there was no more between us than the table of a Soho restaurant; Edward Thomas and Norman Douglas have just come in and are hanging up their hats. Garnett is trying to persuade somebody who won't to read Doughty's poetry; and the jolly feathers are beginning to fly.

Yes, but what's it all about? That tepid interest of a new generation is blasting. So if I were to repeat the lively criticism and the candour of a Soho restaurant (which won't see any of us again) over problems which used to please us with the idea that we had lots of work to do, to get things to rights, I should be misunderstood now. Our derision and fun might be taken seriously. I am not going to chaff Garnett over his argument supporting the "exotic" nature of Conrad's novels, with their "Continental spirit" and "psychological insight." It wouldn't do. It would merely increase a wrong impression in quarters where no more wrongness need be added. For doubtless we owe Conrad to Garnett; and to Conrad, at the very least, we are indebted for adding to imaginative literature the seamen and the ships of a phase of our history which but for the luck of his genius would have been below the horizon for ever.

Though I know that tribute would not have gratified Conrad. Far from it. It irritated him, and he told me so. In the *Nation* I once used, in my innocence, an article by Havelock Ellis, who knew the last days of sail, for his father had been master of the *Winifred*. Havelock Ellis himself had made the round voyage under sail; so he knew what was due to Conrad, and it delighted me that the *Nation* could publish his full-orbed tribute. But not Conrad; he turned my pleasure into embarrassment.

Still, when I am told, as sometimes I am, that Conrad is obsolete because of his "parade" in a near-purple robe, I go all Edward Garnett. Some people, it is true, do not look well when parading, if by that we mean they measure the earth in austere dignity; but Conrad had the figure for it. It is not likely that my regard for him will ever lessen since the day when, by chance, I happened on that chapter called Initiation, in the *Mirror of the Sea*, when it appeared first in a magazine. There was the real thing, and I had not expected to find it in such a place. Who, I wondered that day, is this fellow Conrad? Moreover, it is useful not to forget that rare real thing, because some standard is necessary amidst the confusion of the day when new wares are being cried, and not a few books are better than anything that has ever happened before.

The best of this volume, for me, is David Garnett's tribute to his father. May we hope for more? So much more could be said. Edward Garnett was a crusader; all had to be subordinate to the Paraclete, as it were. Publishers could not do without him; but how he must have made them groan, as they obeyed him! He was a serious man, and therefore enjoyed a bit of frivolity before the altar to which he bowed; that is, if he knew you needed no advice that you were indeed in the Temple. Otherwise, his scorn would turn green a brazen cheek of the highest polish. It will be pretty hard to estimate the full measure of his worth and influence.

I remember that once the *Nation* published a damning review of some war-poems; and that review had made me unhappy, for I had failed to kill it. Garnett met me that week, and took me aside into a tea-shop. He, gently, persuasively, reviewed that review, and left it in tatters, to the satisfaction of my instinct, which had been right, but to my grief as an assistant editor, for I saw I should have abolished the item and taken the consequences. We then talked of the war, and I told him a tale or two of it. He regarded me through his magnifying spectacles so haughtily that I wondered whether my fervour had worried him. He leaned over the table. "You must write that," he said. "You must."

I told him I had, but it would not move. It was no good. Something, I didn't know what, was wrong somewhere. Then said he, show me the manuscript. It was a fairly long piece, but his annotations were even longer.

I cannot say I enjoyed his criticism, for it was sharply on the mark. It let daylight into a mass of refractory material, which then seemed worse than ever. But finally he had left a suggestion, which, some years later, made it easy to give all that rough stuff a shape.

H. M. Tomlinson

BALZAC AND THE ANGEL

The Unpublished Correspondence of Honoré de Balzac and Madame Zulma Carraud, 1829-1850. *Lane.* 15s.

Zulma Tourangin was a friend of Balzac's sister Laure; in 1816 she married a Captain Carraud, and some years later Balzac made her acquaintance. They struck up a sentimental friendship which lasted till the death of the novelist.

The affair was always platonic. "It is not," wrote Zulma, "it never has been, my desire to share the charming relationship you offer to other women who, in divers ways, can boast a better claim to it than I. The sentiment to which I aspire is on a higher plane. I would have you so to hold me in your heart as to keep me, as it were, in reserve; then, if anything untoward should chance to cloud your happiness, any disappointment wound your affections, you will, if you recall me at that hour, see how I shall answer your appeal." Balzac took her at her word, sent her confidential outpourings when he felt like it, and went to stay with her when he had nothing more important to do. This was rather seldom. But now and then he found the Carrauds' house a useful place to lie low in, and Zulma welcomed him with rapture however long he had kept away. M. Bouteron, the editor of their correspondence, calls her "one of the noblest of all those women who have entered into the life of a man of genius."

However, the first impression made by the letters is rather dreary. For after all, this was a devoted and lifelong friendship—and this is all it amounted to. What an expense of protestations and superlatives, for what a minute gain of happiness! What an object-lesson on the impotence of the human heart!

The effect is largely due to Balzac's distressingly regular postponements of his next visit. He begins apologising in the first sentence of Letter I—about a screen he has omitted to send her. But she will forgive this "apparent inattention"—"if you wish always to be borne in mind, you will give commissions to the people you love, for I may tell you that there is nothing in the world so eloquent and so tyrannical as remembering something which you ought to do, yet leave undone." Perhaps this was Honoré de Balzac's idea of tact. At any rate, if it gave Mme. Carraud pleasure to be remembered as a neglected duty she was in clover, her friend's emotional embarrassments being as chronic as his financial ones. "For the moment what you ask of me is absolutely impossible, but in two or three months nothing will be easier. To you, my soul's own sister, I can entrust my most intimate secrets. Well then, I am in the most frightful difficulty. . . ." And so on. Of course, it's never his fault. Gigantic labours, inextricable complications, unheard-of burdens—those and those alone divide him from his "Angel of friendship"; no one will ever know with what ardour, "like the wood-pigeon homing to its nest," he returns to Zulma. M. Bouteron seems to have continued to swallow this, even after catching the apologist out on a "business journey" to Mme. Hanska; but there are signs that the victim of the excuses knew rather better. Still she went on hoping, and expecting, and looking forward—till the cup was dashed from her lips again.

But the affair assumes a different complexion, when you look twice at it. It is not so sad after all. It is, in fact, a page of the *comédie humaine*—a duet of egoisms, each pretending interest in the other, and awaiting its turn. Balzac's, as we know, was colossal, and fairly brazen; Mme. Carraud's wears a transparent garment of selflessness. She is a pearl, we soon gather, on the provincial dung-heap. She has an inner life vast and mysterious as the ocean's depths, and a sensibility of which her friend, genius as he is, can form no idea. And then, she has "a man to mould"—sublime task; Balzac, with all his insight, will never know what it feels like to be a mother. Of course, in most ways she is quite ordinary—extremely ordinary. She has no claim to *esprit*—"and I must freely confess that perhaps I don't set quite enough value on *esprit*; I have travelled farther than that. . . ." She is very homely and unattractive—oh, yes, she is!—but does her poor

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CHATTO & WINDUS CHATTO & WINDUS

Honoré really expect a " broad and rich-hued soul " in the " satin envelope " of Mme. de Castries? The query cannot be misinterpreted, since she herself has just repulsed her poor Honoré, and handed him on to the " satin " charmer.

For clearly he did, on this one occasion, make unbecoming advances to his " soul's sister," in spite of the " hearty English handshakes " he was always dispatching to his soul's brother-in-law. There is no reason to imagine him very urgent, or seriously unwilling to be packed off; but, having rejoined his marquise, he is polite enough to conclude the episode by ejaculating: " Why did you send me to Aix? " Zulma shows herself nothing loth to explain in detail. " Why did I send you to Aix, Honoré? You are at Aix because you needed a *woman*, and I am not one; because the deprivation of all intimate relationship made you long for it the more, and because I am too proud to be chosen under the impulsion of such a necessity. You reckoned to act upon me by holding out the hope of some unknown paradise. . . . It never occurred to you that I was too proud to be initiated into it! You do not know the delights of voluntary chastity. . . I am voluptuous, you say; and I fight against voluptuousness. Do you realise all that that implies? . . . A virile affection (if I may so express it born of a strong soul, to whom nothing on earth is indifferent . . . such a thing does not suit you at all. What you want is a woman of soft contours, and alluring ways, the last word in elegance. . . . " Etcetera; there is much more. Balzac replies cheerfully: " You were right, and you were wrong, to send me here: wrong, because I was very happy with you; right, because the trip has enlarged my ideas." He is a disappointing correspondent, one must admit. When, shortly afterwards, Zulma falls to musing on the ideal wife she would have been for him " with another envelope," he has not even the grace to say, " Very true, my love."

But she is no dog-in-the-manger, or jealous female; she is for ever urging him to marry—someone as like her as possible—and in her enthusiasm for Mme. de Berny, his first love, she almost raves. Mme. de Berny is " the Angel," or " the heavenly Angel." and Balzac is reproached for neglecting her. " 'Tis a hot-house plant whom you treat too much like a woodland flower. A friend, Honoré!! " Where will he find such another woman (except herself, indeed)? The world smothers him with incense, but does it feel for him? No, he is too exalted for that. " In the end you will share the fate of Moses. . . . If the Angel and I were not beside you, not a hand would press your hand, not a heart would open to take you to its shelter. . . . Wear then, without repining, your crown of thorns, your crown of fame; we will wipe your brow ever and anon."

Mme. Carraud deludes herself that she and Balzac are exchanging ideas; whereas the intellectual emptiness of their correspondence is really staggering. But it is good value for all that. We get, as far as I can judge, no fresh light on Balzac, but the self-portrait of his Egeria should please anyone with a taste for character.

I have quoted enough to show what the translation is like. M. Bouteron supplies a running commentary, which is at times very useful, at others comically suggestive of the pre-talkie film. " *The affectionate Madame Carraud, his unwearying confidante, wrote back from La Poudrerie.*" " *Greatly moved by this letter, the faithful friend writes back at once* "—etc., etc.

K. John

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ARTHUR BARKER

MEMORIES OF AN EDWARDIAN

Memories of an Edwardian and Neo-Georgian. By Edgar Jepson. Illustrated. *Richards.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Memories of an Edwardian is a challenge to a received opinion. It is four years ago since Mr. Jepson published his *Memories of a Victorian.* Everybody liked it. Mr. Bernard Shaw said with all his heart, " It *did* amuse me. Touched me too." Mr. H. G. Wells vowed it was no end of a book, and a lesson to all autobiographers. Mr. Compton Mackenzie declared that he had found it most enjoyable. And so forth.

And now Mr. Jepson has been bold enough to write a sequel, and here it is, and it is better than the former volume. It is quite as pointed, and, perhaps, more kindly.

Perhaps the ill opinion of sequels, generally held, applies rather to fiction than to narrative of fact. In the former case, it is, I think, often justified. The last chapters of the second part of *Don Quixote* are certainly very lamentable, and the judicious hold that the best is over when the Duke and the Duchess begin to manufacture adventures and encounters for the Knight. The first book of the *Gargantua* is certainly superior to the last book of the *Pantagruel.* And, to descend a little; who would turn to *The Trial* when he may enjoy the rare, though unconscious, humours of *The Daisy Chain.* Nobody can read *Tom Brown at Oxford.*

But, very certainly, these classic examples have no application to *Memories of an Edwardian.* It is rich reading.

In the first place, let me set the author right on an important point in his histories of the Edwardian Age. Here is the passage:

> Another uncommonly enjoyable man I used to meet in those years was Thomas William Henry Crosland. The son of a Congregational, or perhaps a Baptist, Minister, but too vivacious to feel free and joyous in Leeds, he left the *Leeds Mercury,* a paper I thought misnamed in so solid a city, on which he was working as compositor, and walked to London to essay the adventure of literature.

Mr. Crosland was neither a Baptist nor a Congregationalist. He confessed his true faith in the following singular circumstances,

An article of mine, published in the *Academy,* had caught the eye of Dr. Horton, an eminent Nonconformist Minister. And, writing, as I gathered, on the insidious stratagems and manoeuvres of the Scarlet Woman in this country, he instanced the *Academy,* which, as he declared, was a Popish paper in disguise. The *Academy* brought a libel action against Dr. Horton; and the staff and I went into the box and swore that we were not members of the Holy Roman Catholic and Apostolic Church. Crosland mounted in his turn. He was a big and shaggy and burly man, with a threatening black beard.

" What is your religion? " asked his Counsel.

" I'm a Methodist," he answered in a grating bass, looking every inch a Buccaneer.

People wondered what he had done with the Dead Man's Chest and the Bottle of Rum.

It was some little while before this that I entertained Crosland one night with Spade Brew or Lion Brew. The next time I saw him, he greeted me roughly.

" You made me drink too much beer the other night," he growled. " I was very ill afterwards. For a time I thought I was near my Maker."

This small incident I duly reported to Jepson, knowing that he had a relish for Croslandiana.

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DENT

"Crosland," he said, "was mistaken. He may have been near Something, but it was not his Maker."

The division between the Victorian and the Edwardian ages was marked by the Boer War. Its reverberations rolled through the Temple gate, and were heard in Jepson's peaceful chambers in King's Bench Walk. One night two of the author's friends, Clement Salaman and Texeira de Mattos, had looked in.

> The ancestors of Texeira had for generations lived in Holland, and though he had always lived in England himself, he was a patriotic Dutchman, and he espoused the cause of those brutal and stupid Boer farmers, anyone of whom, had he met him, he would have hated from his beard to his boots, with raging warmth. Salaman, whose ancestors had lived for generations in England, was a patriotic Englishman and took the side of England with equal warmth. . . . Seldom have I seen angry passions rise higher or generous indignation burn with a fiercer flame. But all the while I had an odd feeling that it was more my business than the business of either of them, but my angry passions did not rise and my generous indignation did not flame. I could only feel that Chamberlain and his colleagues must be well on in their second childhood to allow a few of the Ashkenazim to land us in an expensive war because they wanted their dynamite cheap.

And, with regard to this Boer War, Mr. Jepson recalls how "Mrs. Bernard Beere, or it may have been Mrs. Brown Potter," recited at a music-hall Mr. Kipling's "The Absent-Minded Beggar" to thrilled and cheering hundreds.

I recall the turn. It was at the Empire, and the reciter was Mrs. Brown Potter. She stood centre, before a background of scarlet warriors, and Union Jacks, and—I almost think—a Brass Band. The man next to me, P. J. Toulet, a French author of distinction, listened in amazement, and said in awed tones:

"My God! Is it then possible to possess so little talent as that?"

If it had been Mrs. Bernard Beere, he would not have spoken so.

There is one of Mr. Jepson's numerous theories—all highly entertaining—with which I cannot agree. He calls it Worringer's Theory of the Curve and the Angle. This theory holds that the age of the curve in art was the humanistic age, when the world was going fairly well and man was in tune with it. The age of the angle, or geometrical art, shows man an exile in a world full of terrors. Classical art was curved, and man was in tune with the universe. The Byzantine and Gothic periods were geometrical; and these were the Dark Ages.

I like it, but it won't do. A fourteenth century church is far more curvilinear than the Parthenon. It is curious, by the way, to note that in England, Gothic died frozen in the style called Perpendicular. In France, it perished in the flames, in the multitude of flickering, curving lines that name the style Flamboyant.

One of the best chapters is devoted to the history of the Square Club. It was founded about 1908 by Conal O'Riordan and G. K. Chesterton. But G.K. did not come often. He found the atmosphere heavy and portentous. Mr. Walter de la Mare came often, and smiled as if he were enjoying himself. "Then there would sweep across his face, suddenly and for a breath, a look of bewilderment, and you would see him ask himself what the devil he was doing in that galley." A. H. Bullen was another member. "He would suddenly pause in his dinner at the Square Club and look round upon the critics, all being so smug and Literary and gloomy, and veritably snort; then at the earliest moment decent, he would fly from them."

The Square Club was no place for triflers. Arthur Machen

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ARTHUR BARKER

AGREEABLE READING

The Farm by Lough Gur. By Lady Carbery. *Longmans.* 10s. 6*d*.

A Plain Tale from the Bogs. By Rearden Conner. *John Miles.* 8*s*. 6*d*.

Happily, taste in books about Ireland, or books coming from Ireland, differs as widely as taste about everything else. Irish output increases and is extensive; the English public, whatever its predilections—gunmen, the Little People, slums, islands, post-Joyce adolescences or upper-class nostalgias ("God be with the old days!")—has been brought to see there is no norm. It is unlikely that *The Farm by Lough Gur* and *A Plain Tale from the Bogs*, for all their similarity of format and title, will find themselves on the same drawing-room table for long. They *are* both, in their own way, drawing-room table books. They stand for two views of life which are incompatible. But happily, as I say, there are drawing-room tables enough. Into the fierce, leisureless household with no drawing-room, neither, I feel, should properly find its way.

Lady Carbery's book is the transcript of a Mrs. Mary Fogarty's memories of her childhood and youth on a County Limerick farm. The transcription, on its own merits, seems to me almost faultless—unaffected, lucid, just colloquial enough. Mrs. Fogarty's past is given memory-value—that is to say, the style encloses the past in the glassy light one sees in a south of Ireland sunset, in which there appears the landscape of an island of saints, a scene set for exaltations and tenderness, into which tragedy enters, but never squalor. The tale is framed in sentiment, but in sentiment of a high order. Life in Ireland floats almost wholly submerged in fantasy, like an iceberg with just its tip exposed to the unkind air. In most Irish lifetimes, the period of actuality is painful, but is also miraculously brief. Childhood protracts itself, and second childhood starts early. The old relive their youth with lyrical energy.

Mrs. Fogarty was born Cissie O'Brien, daughter of a "strong farmer," of Drumlaigh, by Lough Gur—a small, beautiful, haunted lake. O'Brien family life followed the patriarchal pattern, employees and children sharing the life of home. Inside a ring of communal joys, sorrows and interests, the children lived with their parents and with each other, a close-knit life of amazing moral intensity—lit by religion, shadowed by superstition, widened by literature and by rumours of travelled friends. The parents are remembered as parents should be remembered—the father just and gentle, the mother sweet. The day's work done, the O'Briens sat down by the lamp in "the little room" and read aloud the classics—everybody from Shakespeare to Louisa Alcott. Art does certainly help to make a mould for memory: here, I think, the determining influence was Miss Alcott. I detect as close a resemblance as difference of scene allows between the March girls, with Marmee, and the O'Briens. But possibly all idyllic homes are alike.

Apart from nostalgic charm, the sentiment and the story, *The Farm by Lough Gur* has substantial documentary interest. It is

HEINEMANN

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HEINEMANN 99 GREAT RUSSELL STREET LONDON WC1

full of portraits, generalised enough to be important, particularised enough to be interesting. It offers a detailed picture of that rare thing—untroubled, contented life in nineteenth-century Ireland, without politics, ambition or family bitterness. Observances, legends and superstitions are recorded without comment. A social structure appears under the sweetness. And the sweetness ought not to put anyone off: it is endemic, not artificial.

There is no sweetness about *A Plain Tale from the Bogs*. Mr. Conner has had a really horrible time and, no doubt rightly, feels that everybody should know it. Thus, his manner is aggressive; his use of the present tense makes one feel one is being constantly, angrily buttonholed. Here are no landscapes or idyllic interiors: Mr. Conner's youth was passed in unresigned urban misery. His autobiography opens among the flying bullets and shocking street scenes of 1916 Dublin: he at that time so nearly came to a bad end that we are lucky to have this autobiography. His father's being an employee of the British got him a bad time with the little patriots in the streets and at school. Adolescent hours of frustration and introspection went by in the empty top rooms of his rat-ridden home: here his dreams were intruded on by a sadistic father and a housekeeper whose husband had been hanged. His experiences in Cork, where he was sent to finish his education, were hardly happier. He came in for the horrors of the Black and Tan regime and subsequent brutalities of the Civil War. In fact, Mr. Conner's seems to be one of those unfortunate natures that are magnets to horrors and squalors of every kind: if anything nasty is going it never fails to come his way. (Just as there are people who never fail to catch 'flu.).

England did not give him a better deal. He had hoped to find a future across the water, but encountered severe privations, reverses, snubs. Severe bouts of manual labour nearly killed him; from his experience as a door-to-door salesman he has gathered dreary tales of the nymphomania of housewives and of the seamy insides of simple homes. As a jobbing gardener he witnessed goings-on of all sorts. At ugly intervals, he plumbed the depths of being a down-and-out. . . . Mr. Conner has certainly no reason not to dislike humanity. But his narrative would be very much more moving if it were not saturate with self-pity. It should be said that the bogs do not figure in this story, except that the author's forbears in happier days cut turf there. I am glad to say that we leave him feeling a little better, successfully married, a successful author, sternly attending parties he feels bound to denounce—when he has done with them he denounces our age all round. He is fortunate in being highly articulate.

I call *A Plain Tale from the Bogs* a book for the drawing-room table because it is just the thing that well-to-do people like. The reading of frightful books by unhappy people may seem to the middle classes to be some sort of oblation. Suffering is very popular with the library public, who undoubtedly get a kick, a sort of oblique kick, from reading about how it feels to be down and out. Hence the present flood of down-and-out literature. These books get lapped up with a sort of piety, with a sort of morbid pleasure in profiting from an injustice that one cannot, or does not wish to, correct. While this boom in abjection lasts, I predict a lively future for Mr. Conner. He could be still more disconcerting if he were a trifle tougher—or should I say, drier? At present, he is a little *wet*.

Elizabeth Bowen

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2 The *Statesman's* recent leading review of

THE DIARY OF A COUNTRY PRIEST

by Georges Bernanos is perhaps sufficient indication of the unique quality of this unusual book. It seems to be certain now of its place as an international classic—and there have been three printings in three weeks!

¶ T. O. Beachcroft's first novel is now ready—*The Man who Started Clean*—price 7*s*. 6*d*.

¶ Archibald MacLeish's verse-play for radio—*The Fall of the City*—was broadcast on Thursday last. The book is now ready, price 3*s*. 6*d*.

BORISWOOD

FOURTEEN MEN ON THE DEAD MAN'S CHEST

Death on the Borough Council. By Josephine Bell. *Longmans*. 7*s*. 6*d*.

Felo De Se? By R. Austin Freeman. *Hodder and Stoughton*. 7*s*. 6*d*.

Trial and Error. By Anthony Berkeley. *Hodder and Stoughton*. 7*s*. 6*d*.

Death in the Glass. By Newton Gayle. *Gollancz*. 7*s*. 6*d*.

The Dusky Hour. By E. R. Punshon. *Gollancz*. 7*s*. 6*d*.

Policeman in Armour. By Rupert Penny. *Collins*. 7*s*. 6*d*.

The Puzzle of the Blue Banderilla. By Stuart Palmer. *Collins*. 7*s*. 6*d*.

One Murdered, Two Dead. By Milton Propper. *Harrap*. 7*s*. 6*d*.

The Body That Came by Post. By George Worthing Yates. *Peter Davies and Lovat Dickson*. 7*s*. 6*d*.

The Stairs Lead Nowhere. By Howard Swiggett. *Heinemann*. 7*s*. 6*d*.

Invitation to Kill. By Gardner Low. *Gollancz*. 7*s*. 6*d*.

The Face on the Cutting Room Floor. By Cameron McCabe. *Gollancz*. 7*s*. 6*d*.

The Clue in the Mirror. By Nigel Morland. *Cassell*. 7*s*. 6*d*.

The Man from Madagascar. By Francis D. Grierson. *Thornton Butterworth*. 7*s*. 6*d*.

Yo! ho! ho! for a bottle of rum, to help me deal with all these murderous men as they deserve. Let us start with the solitary lady, Miss Josephine Bell, whose first work, *Murder in Hospital*, earlier this year apparently met with sufficient success to justify her rushing into print once more. *Death on the Borough Council* (M.B.R.) takes Dr. Wintringham as *locum tenens* to a London suburb, where Councillor Hicks has just been stabbed in the Borough Library. Inspector Mitchell has been assigned the case, so he and the Doctor are able to continue their jocular confabulations over crime. I relish the freshness and vivacity of Miss Bell's writing even when it leads her rather far away from her detective plot. In her day she has been a close observer of outpatients, not only from a medical point of view, and we are constantly being given extracts from her human note-book. These well-documented side-alleys are amusing enough, but they show that Miss Bell would prefer to be a novelist rather than a detective author, if she had the same grasp of the more subtle conflicts in life as she has of the surface texture. As for her crime, there is a plan of the Borough Library at the beginning of the book which shows that any person on the premises during the critical time could have committed it. This enables Miss Bell to select an unlikely one and provide her choice with a fabulous sort of motive. Must all Miss Bell's criminals prove insane? I suppose so; as her merry approach to murder never seems to presage a hanging end.

Felo De Se? (S.B.R.) is Dr. Austin Freeman and Dr. Thorndyke at their best. A monument of ingenuity by way of a crime is

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picked to pieces with even more ingenuity by the relentless Dr. Thorndyke. At the age of 75 Dr. Freeman's plots are still as sound as a bell—and rather sounder than Miss Bell. I admire these old-fashioned murders in plain narrative more than ever when I fumble my way through the fearful mish-mash that has succeeded them. Take the 528 pages of *Trial and Error* (C.B.R.). Is Mr. Anthony Berkeley trying to emulate Miss Dorothy Sayers in prolixity? Mr. Todhunter expects to die in a few months from an aortic aneurism, so he decides to commit a benevolent murder. By page 213 he appears to have succeeded, but we have our doubts. Our doubts are intensified when Mr. Todhunter continues his benevolence by insisting on being convicted of the murder to save someone else from the gallows. The benevolent Mr. Todhunter makes a dramatic exit from the condemned cell, but our doubts are finally confirmed by the benevolent Mr. Anthony Berkeley, who indicates in the title that he would not ask us to wade through such transparent waters to such a trite conclusion. One halfpennyworth of surprise to this intolerable deal of talented writing!

Mr. Newton Gayle's last book, *Murder at* 28 : 10 whetted my appetite for more, but *Death in the Glass* (C.B.R.) has damped my enthusiasm. A cocktail party in New York is considerably less exciting a setting than a hurricane in Porto Rico, and in default of excitement Mr. Gayle's detective, James Greer, has to fall back on those neglected positives of his which I hoped had died of neglect, while their progenitor went to Porto Rico. The cocktail party was sticky from the start, as none of the guests knew each other nor why they had come. By the time three of the party and a cat had been murdered the survivors still wished they knew what it was all about. I can only hope they were satisfied with Greer's peccable explanation.

The Dusky Hour (C.B.R.) is the latest of Mr. Punshon's Bobby Owen cases. The scene is Berkshire, a county which apparently teems with share-pushers. At the dusky hour someone shot one of these share-pushers and pushed him into a chalk-pit. As it is impossible not to recognise one villain the moment he appears on the scene, the only riddle left to the reader is "Was the push shared?" Mr. Punshon is underestimating our detective abilities.

SPECIAL MARXIST NUMBER!

★

The October number of

ARENA

is devoted to an examination of the present position of Marxism in the different fields of thought, with particular reference to the most recent Marxist contributions to literature and the arts.

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History and the Class-War.
Marxism and the Arts.
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ARENA, 15, King St., Covent Garden, W.C.2

Policeman in Armour (C.B.R.) is one of those time-table murders. A retired Judge is stabbed in his Hampstead home while he lies ill in bed. As he was unconscious at the time from a dose of morphia he could not have recognised his murderer. The movements of everyone connected with the house are carefully tabulated in a time-table by Chief-Inspector Beale. From studying the time-table one should be able to convict the criminal, leaving motive aside. Unfortunately for Mr. Penny, his solution does not correspond with his time-table, nor does his motive correspond with human nature even inside the walls of an asylum.

Hildegarde Withers I find a tiresome old girl, but she appears to greater advantage than usual in *The Puzzle of the Blue Banderilla* (M.B.R.). Mexico is the fashionable place for murder just now, so Hildegarde flies down there in time to attend the murder of a man at a bull-fight, though not by the bull. He was sitting in the audience when he had a banderilla planted in his back, only no one, not even Hildegarde, noticed this strange proceeding in the excitement. The Mexican atmosphere has a tonic effect on Mr. Stuart Palmer's writing and his criminal is very dexterously concealed; but the motive, I'm sorry to say, is execrable.

One Murdered, Two Dead (M.B.R.) is marred by excess of suspects. Almost every character in the book not only has opportunity but inclination to murder the spoilt pregnant young heiress who provides the title. The plot holds water as Mr. Milton Propper's plots do; but, as I've often said before, if authors insist on making detection a game of chance with odds of 6 to 1 in favour of the bank, readers will go off and play roulette.

Publishers seem to think that the most important item in a detective story is the detective, and egg their authors on to make this figure-head a formidable blend of original yet endearing qualities. Both *The Body That Came By Post* (C.B.R.) and *The Stairs Lead Nowhere* (M.B.R.) claim a new brand of sleuth. Woar, in the first book, is an impoverished ex-detective living in exile at Malaga, who has been dismissed from Scotland Yard for deliberately letting a pretty murderess escape. Sentimentality is therefore his keynote. The distinctive characteristic of the other, Garrett Maynard, is that he lives in a lighthouse off the coast of New York, but as he solves *The Stairs Lead Nowhere* on shore just like any other detective I can't see what bearing the lighthouse has on his methods. Perhaps we should admire his poetical, if monotonous, trains of thought. When the heroine first enters "Maynard noted the lamentation in her lovely eyes"; later a cruel look on her face "changed to that lovely lamentation Maynard had first seen." In Vienna once he saw a beautiful girl and raised his glass to her; "her smile was like a lamentation." The murder of a sordid metal broker fits ill with such gorgeous trappings, and readers are more likely to enjoy the style than the rather feeble plot. In Mr. Yates's book the body came by post to Torrevientos, a village just outside Malaga, a week before Franco's revolution broke out. The subsequent proceedings smack of Ruritania rather than Spain, and I was not surprised when the chronology too went queer and Franco's men captured Malaga in August, 1936, instead of February, 1937.

We must now face "something very special in the way of detective stories." *Invitation to Kill* (C.B.R.) is an infliction on our patience. An ordinary plot, the death of a painter in a New York studio, is dished up with a running commentary between the author and one of the characters in the story. The object of this new-fangled method of presentation is to spring a neat surprise on you at the end. The surprise is neat enough, but could have been brought off just as well by writing the story in a straightforward way. *The Face on the Cutting Room Floor* (H.B.R.) is also "very special" and I endorse the label. I am not sufficiently specialised to get pleasure from such surrealist gibberish. "The growing concentration of capital in fewer hands" has not failed "to influence the psychological outlook" of the author. A few pages later the magic name of Marx appears. "The social function of such stories is not to solve or even to set any questions but to evoke them in the reader's mind." You have been warned. The only part of the book I relished was a string of quotations from Mr. Cyril Connolly's reviews, which had crept in somehow.

Certain mysterious letters have been placed against the titles of the books reviewed. R. = Read! S.B.R. = Should be read. M.B.R. = Might be read. C.B.R. = Can be read. H.B.R. = Has been read. I regret there are no R.'s this time.

For thriller enthusiasts I mildly suggest *The Clue in the Mirror* with London East End gangs, and *The Man from Madagascar* with French white slavers; neither is "tough."

Ralph Partridge

The House That Hitler Built

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"It is not to be recommended to those who want something light and bright, but it has a real power and understanding in it. I am tempted to make a comparison with George Moore's *Esther Waters,* but I will not. *White Hell of Pity* can stand on its own merits."—*The Bookseller.*

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VIRTUE AND SQUARE RIG

The Tall Ships Pass. By W. L. A. Derby. *Cape.* 25*s.*

A very large proportion of the world's trade is seaborne: the Mercantile Marine is an integral part of any economy, Capitalist or Socialist, that can to-day be devised. And yet in a way the Mercantile Marine is an anachronism. It is an anachronism because the working of a ship calls for certain qualities—virtues, if you like—that are not appropriate, to a like degree, in any of the ordinary departments of shore life which involve employers and employed. For instance, when an industrial company calls on its workpeople to Put the Dear Old Factory First, that as a rule is just so much cant, and cuts no more ice than it deserves to cut. But the seaman—whether deckhand or officer—puts the Ship first as a matter of course: if he did not, it would cease to be possible to work a ship at all. In shore employment, the liability of the labourer is limited: he contracts to give so much labour for so much money: but the liability of the seaman is unlimited. In an emergency he may be called on to give the utmost that he is able, even to laying down his life: and that is not an imposition upon him, a piece of chicanery on the part of his employer, it is inherent in the nature of the profession he practises. Oddly enough, it even seems to be the reason *why* certain men embrace that profession in the first place. I suppose Virtue (I use the word in its Roman rather than in its Victorian sense) is a natural instinct with some men: they really cannot be happy unless they can give it an outlet.

Thus marinering is a kind of Colossus, with each foot in an entirely different set of values: the *raison d'être* of it is economic, and yet the practise of it is judged by standards which are not economic at all, which can only be called moral.

But an innate tendency towards virtue is not enough, in your young officer. It is in just as great need as his technical skill of training. An aptitude for virtue, like an aptitude for mechanics, is useless without experience and constant practice. I have given considerable space to making this point because it is an important one. For when the landsman hears it solemnly discussed, whether the future captain of a steamer should be required to train in sail, he is apt to smile pityingly as at a piece of irrational conservatism: as if the London bus driver was required to put in so many years as stable boy and groom before he could sit for his driving test. Why waste the man's time, seeing he has so much to learn, technically, before he can be an efficient officer on a steamer, by teaching him another technique which he may never need again in his whole life? The answer, of course, is that his *virtue* can be better trained in a sailing vessel.

There is no magic about that. Taken as a whole, there is no diametrical difference between a sailing vessel and a steam vessel. Sentimentality apart, both are equally machines. The difference lies in the quality of action required in the everyday working of the two machines. For the detailed working of a steamer, under ordinary circumstances, does not materially differ from the working of any engine on land. But each separate action, in the everyday working of a sailing vessel, partakes to some degree of the nature of an emergency. Changing a jib in a stiff breeze is a microcosm, as it were, of saving a ship in a storm. It does not only require skill, and a reasonable expenditure of effort: it must be done with the whole heart. Thus the young seaman is trained, by sail, in the daily practice of qualities which may one day, in steam, mean the saving of a million or so pounds' worth of material property and several hundred lives.

I can think of at least one company of owners, with a fleet of nearly a hundred fine steamers: a company whose whole fortunes were built upon their foresight in backing the commercial future of steam at a time when that future still hung in the balance, and who never owned a sailing vessel in their whole history: yet who, right down to the present day, have made a practice of picking their officers exclusively from among men trained in sail; and who face the future, now the supply of men so trained has run nearly dry, with grave misgiving.

The sentimental regrets of amateurs and conservatives have done much to obscure this issue in the public eye: and the spate of nostalgic, sentimental books on the subject has done much to foster a wholly mistaken point of view. For that reason a book of the kind Mr. Derby has written, a *contemporary* history of deepwater square-rigged sail, is of double value: it is of historical value, as the last chapter in a long and ancient narrative, and it is of present-day value, as a corrective of a vast amount of misapprehension. For when the public reads, in the daily papers, of the annual "Grain Race" from Australia to England, they are apt to imagine fo'c'sles full of grey-beards too fossilised to change their ways; whereas in fact those ships are mostly manned by boys. The average age of the crews of the few remaining square-riggers is *younger*, not older, than the average age of the crews in steam. The Eriksson fleet are no almshouse for decayed shell-backs. Rather they are a sea-school: and the finest sea-school at present in existence. A school for which the whole maritime world is in Finland's debt.

Indeed this is an admirable book. Written without sentimentality and without *partipris*, it covers a vast amount of information that would be difficult to find elsewhere: it never strains after the reader's interest, yet, dip into it where you like, you will find it very hard to stop reading. In particular the working of the Eriksson fleet is described in minute detail: and many readers will conclude, on the strength of it, that there might be worse interludes in the modern education of a boy of a certain type than a round trip to Australia as an apprentice in square-rig.

Richard Hughes

GERMAN FASCISM

The Spirit and Structure of German Fascism. By Robert A. Brady. *Gollancz.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

As Professor Laski says in his interesting foreword, this is "the most complete analysis of Fascist institutions in Germany—in the English language." Though the writer is an American, he brings a truly German *Gründlichkeit* to bear upon his task of tracing the operation of Nazism in the various departments of German life, its politics, economies, ethics and religion, art, literature, education, sport and amusement. For it is essential to Nazism that its spirit should penetrate and dominate the thought, feelings, and action of all the people, all the time. That spirit consists in the suppression of all individual liberty in all the processes of life, and the substitution of a forcibly imposed "general will" of absolute submission to an Aryan faith which is a jumble of militarism, sham science, paganism, class rule and profiteering capitalism. Its essentially economic origin is manifest, for Hitler's power was hastily constructed on a panic basis to expel the growing communism of the workers by uniting the landowners and their army with the financiers and the big and little industrialists and professional classes in a campaign against the common enemy. The consolidation of their victory demanded that the true faith should be pumped down from above into every institution and every individual soul in a nation where freedom of thought had always been dominated by authority and whose democratic government had never been a reality. Mr. Brady shows by close examination that this task of Nazism, though difficult, was not so impossible as at first sight it might seem. For Hitler was dealing not only with a highly suggestible and submissive mass mind, but with an established institutional structure, especially in the fields of industry and education, which could easily be distorted to his purpose. All that was necessary was the enforcement of a closer collaboration, functional and local, of existing institutions keyed up to a high sense of public service and controlled by leadership delegated from above. The theory or philosophy of Nazism is an impudent perversion of the doctrine of a "general will" which disposes of free thought in the ordinary man and is interpreted by self-appointed prophets who know what the "real will" of the people is—i.e., what they "ought" to want, so as to preserve to the ruling classes their power, property and authority.

> In plain language, this means that the National Peasant Leader *tells* his designees what they are to do, these *tell* their inferior officers what to do, and these in turn *tell* the peasant, according to the law, whether and what he may own, may produce, or may sell. Since the Nazi philosophy calls for complete "co-ordination of spirit and ideas," the same "delegatory" or "entrusting" or *commanding* applies to social life, leisure time activities, and what the peasant, his family and all rural labour may think, where they may go and how they may feel about anything which affects Germany, which is everything. Kind Nazi writers refer to it as the "new German freedom."

Much attention is given to agriculture, for part of the new Aryan policy is "back to the land," not chiefly for larger food output but because the "city" is a bad place—i.e., breeds working-class discontent. Very interesting is Mr. Brady in his treatment of industrialism. He shows how unreal is the "Socialism" to which the term "national" is affixed, how it leaves not only the practical control of big business, but also the profit system where it was

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Some suggestions for your Library List

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LION FEUCHTWANGER's	(5th Imp)	THE FALSE NERO
REMARQUE's best seller	(5th Imp)	THREE COMRADES
LEWIS COX'S	Daily Mirror Choice for August	SOUTHERN RHAPSODY
OLIVER SANDY's	(2nd Imp)	THE HAPPY MUMMERS
D. Frances YOUNG's		The UNFINISHED SYMPHONY
MARGARET FERGUSON's	(3rd Imp)	MILLSTONES
ALLENE CORLISS' romance		SMOKE in HER EYES
EDWARD AUSTIN's laughter maker		THORUNA
DOROTHEA CONYERS'	(2nd Imp)	PHIL'S CASTLE
J. C. SNAITH's Cockney farce		ONE of the ONES
SIMON DARE's		The SHIVERING POOL
WINIFRED GRAHAM's new novel		DOCTOR JULIAN
THURLOW CRAIG's		LOVE UNDER SMOKE
BRUCE GRAEME's		DISAPPEARANCE of ROGER TREMAYNE
GRANT R. FRANCIS'		The BLOOD FEUD
GARNETT WESTON's		DEAD MEN ARE DANGEROUS
CAPT. A. O. POLLARD, V.C.		The MURDER GERM
MRS. HENRY DUDENEY's		PETTY CASH

HUTCHINSON

before. Indeed, some of the pre- and post-war socialisation has been undone, so as to yield a larger field for private enterprise. The broad lesson to be learned is that Nazism is on the economic side a defence of profiteering, on the political side a worship of force alike for class-rule within the nation and for external policy.

In a final chapter Mr. Brady gives a gloomy picture of the situation in other western countries, where trade union and democratic activities are still challenging "the capitalist system." As this challenge becomes more menacing, capital, which hitherto has influenced and controlled Government as an outside power, will be driven to seize inside power and establish a Fascist regime. Or is there in such a country as England or America something in democracy which will successfully defend individual liberty and "reform" the economic system without recourse to a possible class war?

J. A. Hobson

HELVETIUS, MARX AND EDISON

Famous American Men of Science. By J. G. Crowther. *Secker and Warburg.* 15s.

"The traditional explanation of why the laws of gravitation were discovered in the seventeenth century is that Newton happened to be born then. As Pope wrote:

God said: Let Newton be, and all was light.

According to this view," says Mr. Crowther, "the light of gravitation would have been seen in 1665 B.C., instead of A.D. 1665, if God had chosen to let Newton be twenty-three years of age on the former date."

This is a fierce overstatement of the doctrine of contingency as applied to the history of science: it is more usual to represent the growth of scientific discovery as a combination of contingency with the natural and progressive development of a set of methods and ideas handed on from generation to generation. Historians of science have slowly realised that the general direction of this development has often depended on economic conditions. Mr. Crowther's studies of Franklin, Henry, Willard Gibbs, and Edison are intended to illustrate this theme. "The progress of science is not accidental. It is due to the needs of the society in which it occurs, and its direction is affected by the conditions of that society." Mr. Crowther does not, however, consistently follow a strictly Marxist interpretation. In his anxiety to show that scientific discovery springs from social needs, he frequently succeeds in showing that it springs from personal circumstances. Thus he claims that the Smithsonian Institution is a monument to the Oedipus complex of James Smithson, illegitimate son of the first Duke of Northumberland. Furthermore, he sometimes lapses from his contention that inventions always spring from social needs into the very different contention that they ought to.

Mr. Crowther is, however, too good a student of science to let his interpretations overbalance his facts. Some readers, willing enough to accept his main argument, may regret that he has loaded his book with a great deal of history that is relevant but readily available elsewhere, but they will admit that in each of these four sketches Mr. Crowther has given a vivid picture of a personality and a clear account of important discoveries. The anecdotes (and there are plenty of them) are all illuminating. Thus we are told that when M. A. Rosanoff, on joining Edison's staff in 1903, asked what laboratory rules he should observe, Edison "spat in the middle of the floor and yelled out, 'Hell! there ain't no rules around here! We are trying to accomplish somep'n'!'"

Mr. Crowther's four American scientists came from widely differing social classes, and their outlook and the nature of their discoveries were what one might expect from their origins. Thus the dislike of practical experiment and the passion for the widest and most abstract generalisation that mark the work of Willard Gibbs is what one might expect from one who was "last of a line of six college graduates on his father's side," and on whose mother's side "there were also graduates, including the first President of the College of New Jersey." Mr. Crowther obviously finds the retired and gentle Gibbs quite as sympathetic a figure as the boisterous Edison, though Gibbs would have shared none of Mr. Crowther's views about the relations of "pure" science and industry. Gibbs' Phase Rule is certainly one of the most surprising and most general scientific discoveries ever made, and it is fascinating in its simplicity. Its commercial importance is inestimable, but it is arguable that discoveries of this kind would never be made were it not for the prestige that is enjoyed by studies that are reputedly unpractical. Gibbs obtained very little recognition, even from the academic world, and his own private conviction of the disinterestedness and self-sufficiency of mathematical physics may have been a necessary stimulus to his work.

Mr. Crowther's exposition of the problems of physics and chemistry is always lucid and exact, but the present book shows some signs of inadequate revision: it is repetitive, and in the heat of argument Mr. Crowther makes an inaccurate and unscientific use of words like "unconscious" and "religious." When we read that "the clarity of Franklin's thought probably owed more to social than to climatic causes" we are inclined to ask whether these causes had any perceptible effect on Benjamin's nine brothers. The cautious and orthodox Marxist will grin when, to particular cases, Mr. Crowther applies a rule that is valid only as a statistical generalisation, but even those to whom Mr. Crowther's arguments do not seem to be wholly consistent and coherent will find his book interesting, thorough, and reliable in matters of fact.

Michael Roberts

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That the background chosen for this novel is the grim-visaged Scotland of Covenanting times is in itself news of first importance. A new Walsh novel on Scottish soil has long been awaited. Peculiarly significant, however, of the outstanding and original nature of this brilliant chronicle, is the author's selection of his men and women folks from O'Cahan's ragged Irish, fighting in Scotland for Montrose. Those who have known Walsh's lovable Irishmen and his intimate appreciation of the Scots will rediscover here that gift of vigorous narrative, that quaint Celtic phrase, in the most dramatic and lasting expression. "And No Quarter" is outstanding among the great novels of recent time.

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THE BODLEY HEAD

Atlantis legend from some other source? It has been suggested that Plato got his tradition from Egypt and that it represents a composite version of Minoan history as recorded by the Egyptians. Mr. Bramwell goes into this in some detail. His conclusion is reasonable enough, that Plato's Atlantis was a composite incorporating the characteristics of several other cities including Babylon, but he insists that behind it there was a traditional Atlantis story which included "a nucleus derived from the Stone Age."

The situation of Atlantis is another aspect of the question which has been as fiercely debated as the existence of Atlantis itself. It has been located all over the place, in North Africa and the Indian Ocean. Mrs. Wishaw puts it in Andalusia; the ubiquitous Frobenius plumps for Yorubaland in Nigeria. The theory that Atlantis was really an island in the Atlantic was first advanced by Cadet, a Frenchman, towards the end of the eighteenth century. A century later Ignatius Donelly came out with his thesis that Atlantis was the source of all civilisation, the true antediluvian world.

One of the most impressive facts which might support the theory of sudden submergence was provided by a cable-laying ship which discovered that "the sea-floor 1,000 miles north of the Azores at a depth of 3,100 metres, consisted of high peaks and mountainous valleys. . . . Sounds dragged along the bottom brought up fragments of vitreous lava which could only have solidified in that particular form under atmospheric pressure; yet they must have been plunged beneath the water shortly after cooling because the process of erosion had not planed down the surface and levelled out the sharp protuberances of the rock. . . ."

A complete Atlantean hypothesis which made considerable use of geological evidence, was put forward by Spence in 1924. Spence made out a case for the existence of a continent occupying most of the North Atlantic region. He maintained that this disintegrated into insular masses and, in particular, two large islands, Atlantis, which was close to the entrance to the Mediterranean, and Antillia which was in the region of the present West Indies. He does not claim that Atlantis was the source of civilisation, but he does suggest that it was the home of Cro-Magnon Man, and that Antillia was the cradle of Mayan culture. It is an ingenious theory and Mr. Bramwell is attracted by it though he takes care to relate the various objections and admits that those modern geologists who will admit that Plato's story has any traditional base, relate the legend to the flooding of the Mediterranean basin by the Atlantic at the end of the last Ice Age. . . . "They resolutely refuse to connect it with the Atlantic continent which disappeared far earlier." Mr. Bramwell, however, has hopes that the present geological tendency to ascribe later dates to the Atlantic continental shelves will continue, and then . . . "if it can be shown that tracts of the Atlantic were dry land in the Quaternary period then will be the time to reconsider the whole question."

The last two chapters he devotes to the occultists and the poets and their relations with Atlantis, and includes incidentally a sensitive appreciation of Blake. The various groups of Occultists have, as he says, formed a Popular Front on the question of Atlantis and are extraordinarily unanimous in their conceptions of it. They get their knowledge by mystical intuition, and according to them the original Atlantean stock came from Lemuria, that other lost continent.

MAURICE RICHARDSON

LORD MACMILLAN

Law and Other Things. By THE RT. HON. LORD MACMILLAN, G.C.V.O., LL.D. *Cambridge University Press.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Sir Walter Scott recorded on one occasion that he had three successive dinners with the Wits, the Bishops, and the Lawyers. In his opinion the Bishops were better company than the Wits and the Lawyers were better company than the Bishops. It is difficult for lawyers to know exactly what appeal Lord Macmillan will make to laymen; but no lawyer can fail to relish this remarkable collection of essays or fail to appreciate the wisdom of his remarks on subjects like advocacy. A typical gem of wisdom is the following: "It is a good exercise to think out how, if you were the judge and not the advocate of your client's cause, you would yourself frame a judgment in your client's favour. Then model your speech on these lines. You will be surprised to find how often the grateful judge when he comes to give judgment will adopt the very words of an argument so presented."

Solicitors will perhaps even more appreciate later the remark at the end of the essay: "Let there be balance and proportion in your argument. Some advocates give as much time and trouble to the exposition of their bad points as of their good points. There is no worse fault. The judge will soon be unable to see the wood for the trees. A counsel who used laboriously to argue before the Court every point, good, bad and indifferent, which was placed before him by his industrious solicitor, observed cynically that he had in consequence lost many cases but had never lost a client."

Many lawyers must have bought the essay entitled "Two Ways of Thinking" in its pamphlet form. It is very profound and it is aptly illustrated by Professor Santayana's remark, "Compromise is odious to passionate natures because it seems a surrender and to intellectual natures because it seems a confusion."

Lord Macmillan seems to have been rather anglicised since his change of domicile from Scotland to England. Thus, on page 99, he quotes the opinion of a French officer as follows: "Has not the history of a thousand years proved that this (i.e., English) manner of doing things has overcome temporary set-backs and has always led to final success?" Surely the war proved the opposite, because if Great Britain had been in the least prepared for it and had more promptly dealt with obvious dangers, the war would certainly not have lasted four years. Then again the remarks on English law rather ignore the codifying tendency of the last ten years which has certainly vindicated the ancient Roman and modern Scotch way of thinking against the English way of thinking. The English system of case law may be great fun to write about, but it is most expensive to the litigant.

The same tendency to boast of English law comes out when he maintains that "freedom still survives undiminished in this country." Does he suggest that there is any "undiminished" liberty for a farmer under the thumb of the Milk Marketing Board when he cannot even sell his milk to his next door neighbour or to anyone else who asks for it?

It might have occurred to Lord Macmillan that what is called the sporting instinct in Englishmen may have been largely derived from the solicitude displayed by English law towards the criminal and the anxiety of the Court to give him every possible chance of escaping the penalties of the law on technical points. This is peculiar to English law just as the magnanimity shown to the fox (if not always to other animals) is peculiar to the English sportsman.

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NEW NOVELS

World's End. By PAMELA HANSFORD JOHNSON. *Chapman and Hall.* 7s. 6d.
The Seven Who Fled. By FREDERIC PROKOSCH. *Chatto and Windus.* 8s. 6d.
Business and Desire. By DAVID THORNE. *Routledge.* 7s. 6d.
Lonely White Sail. By VALENTINE KATAEV. *George Allen and Unwin.* 7s. 6d.

Miss Johnson is distinguishable from the many intelligent novelists of the day by the fact that she is not in the least afraid of people who are ordinary and good. Most writers would run a mile to avoid such people as material for fiction, partly for fashionable reasons (someone might murmur "Priestley," and then where would they be?), but principally because the virtuous are so very difficult to do well. But characters of simple goodness, when realised in fiction without either insipidity or sentimentality, are encountered by the reader with a delight that is quite unforgettable. What a pleasure it is to think of Trollope's Mr. Harding, or of Peter Schulz, the old Professor of Music in Romain Rolland's *Jean Christophe*. Miss Johnson attempts nothing on that level, but her new book shows that she is sensitive to the quality of natural goodness and can present it to the reader when she sees it. And yet the world which she depicts is one which many novelists would have wanted to cram with nicely touched-up iniquities: a needy, uncertain, semi-artistic group living at World's End, Chelsea. The most disreputable of them are the drink-soaked pianist Sipe and his worthless wife, Irene, about whom there is something of the flavour of an early Huxley (Coleman or Spandrell): but, if they are less witty and horrifying, they are also more real. At the heart of the book is a love-story, although the lovers are seen nine years after marriage, not a few months before as usual. Arnold Brand is middle-class, intelligent, wanting to write, often unemployed and generally depressed: the footling jobs that do come his way—snobbish little travel agencies and so on—bore him to death. Doris is humorous and good-tempered and wretchedly overworked in a draper's shop. Brand is miserably conscious of failing to provide for his wife, indeed at times he is kept by her; his shame makes him unkind to her and drives him into a flirtation with a second-rate dancer named Rosary, who hovers pathetically on the edge of the stage world. He does not want Rosary when he is happy; but when he is unhappy she represents for him a different world, a world in which he need feel no shame. That is well observed. Arnold and Doris live in a top-back room which they rent from Ma Hogben, and in this character, which might easily have become a shapeless receptacle for traditional Cockney good nature, the author has been uncommonly successful. Comic landladies are a ticklish proposition: only a hairbreadth divides the merely typical from the individual, but of Ma Hogben's reality we have no more doubt when, after her husband's suicide, she listens in to the wireless service:

> She knelt all by herself on the rug made of coloured rags, knelt to say Our Father. . . . Ma Hogben loved God very dearly and was not afraid of Him. She believed that in Heaven there would be enough to eat, that all dead friends would meet by a cheerful fire, that when the happy day was done she and all the other people released from worry and distress would lie down upon the clouds and go to sleep; and in Heaven's morning they would wake to another day of rejoicing, reminiscing, and good meals which they did not have to cook and lay for themselves. In Hell she did not believe. God would never be so cruel, no matter how wicked we had been. Christ will have a kind voice and speak to us kindly. He will be less frightening than God, and it will be easier to talk to Him.

Round these figures the story moves with easy command of dialogue and invention of incident; and all the time we hear rumbling in the background the Big Noises and the Big Guns; wars and rumours of wars; the hateful mass-cruelties and stupidities. All the World's End people (except Macdonald, the Communist downstairs) are of the sort which for generations has regarded foreign affairs as something to be read about in the papers after breakfast and then left to their betters; and now they are caught in that terrible problem of our day: that the precise moment when we all feel that we can no longer afford to remain idle spectators should also be the moment which demands, even of the experts, more experience and knowledge and judgment than ever before. What sane idealist in England would not feel less sure of his own wisdom after being Foreign Secretary for a week? Ma Hogben is of course resolutely isolationist; Sipe shrugs his shoulders and retires, desperate but undeceived, to Montparnasse; Brand, broken but also strengthened by the loss of his wife in childbirth, leaves with Macdonald to join the International Brigade in Spain. He is doing what he believes to be right; but *is* it right? and, if so, for how many? As a novelist, Miss Johnson is not obliged to deliver judgment; it is a tribute to the sincerity of her book that it raises the whole question (without in the least solving it) of the relationship between "the world of the street corner and the world beyond the horizon." Her writing is generally so sound that occasional clichés and fashionable adjectives, which we should ignore in other novelists, stand out: as when the Brands are said to be "happier than any two people had a right to be" (how happy is that?), or to have climbed "the *aching* hills to Chanctonbury," or to behold "*death-coloured* daffodils." Wordsworth would have stared at that; and so do I. A more serious flaw is that Doris is said to work in a draper's shop for hours which are strictly against the law: "from nine till seven four days in the week, nine till eight on Fridays, nine till nine on Saturdays." Conditions are doubtless bad enough without pretending they are worse.

Mr. Prokosch attracted much favourable attention with *The Asiatics*—a book which I have not read. Asia continues to enthrall him, and his new novel opens in its very heart. Seven Europeans, ordered to leave Kashgar, join the caravan of a wealthy Chinese fur merchant, intending to leave him when they reach the Hwang-Ho and make their own way on to Shanghai. Five of them get no farther (at first) than Aqsu; here Wildenbruch and Von Wald, German and Austrian geologists, are imprisoned, and two others, a Russian and a Belgian, are held as hostages; while a Frenchman, De La Scaze, is too ill to proceed. His Spanish wife does reach Shanghai; it is not, however, a hotel, but a brothel that awaits her there; the English diplomat, Layeville, goes off on a hopeless expedition into the heights of Tibet, where he freezes to death. To outline their various adventures briefly and without confusion would be impossible; in any event it is soon evident to the reader that it is the spiritual, and not the physical, adventures of the seven which are important. Mr. Prokosch's book has in fact a message; or, as we now prefer to say, "significance." But if you ask just wherein its significance

THE quiet beauties of Richard Jefferies' writing need no commendation from us; his admirers include — or should include — all English readers who care for the past and future of their own countryside. *Wild Life in a Southern County*, the most famous and attractive of Jefferies' books, now appears in a new gift edition, with 60 pen drawings by G. E. Collins, an artist who is also an expert naturalist. "Sweet with the very breath of England" is how Sir William Beach Thomas describes the book, and many will be glad to make or renew its acquaintance in this edition.

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lies, I confess I can give you no clear answer. Roughly speaking, the book seems to be based on a sort of Spenglerism: all the Europeans are dissatisfied, some consciously, some unconsciously, with the superficiality and complexity of Western civilisation; their encounter with the primitive and ruthless life of the East brings their inner conflicts to a head, and reveals sharply and mercilessly their true characters. This idea (if I have stated it correctly) seems to me a crude and adolescent one; what such adventures as are described reveal is not a man's "true character" but his powers of endurance, resourcefulness and physical courage. For example: is it conceivable that any amount of contact with "life in the raw" could reveal the inner reality of a Mozart more deeply than the simple business of sitting down in Vienna and writing music to the libretti of Da Ponte? I have emphasised the internal motive of Mr. Prokosch's book because, considered externally, it is far too discursive and repetitive in outline to make a satisfactory novel; one section is devoted to each European, so that seven times over we come to the inevitable reminiscent chapters describing their childhood and past life. Some of these chapters are brilliant, particularly the account of Wildenbruch's German boyhood. Much of the description of Asiatic travel is brilliant too, but in a way that appears much better in quotation than in bulk: the spate of adjectives and picturesque verbs tires our eyes. To be most effective, descriptive writing should be kept flat for long stretches and then surprise us with a phrase that *compels* us to see; Mr. Prokosch is so consistently brilliant that there are times when we need our dark glasses.

Mr. Thorne, on the other hand, is laconic in the extreme. *Business and Desire* is a first novel from America, with a very unusual savour. Rachel Furniss marries Antony Collet, a young man in whose blood runs the brutal but attractive vigour of his ancestors who conquered the West; in plain language, his love for her is tinged with a sadism which she principally loathes, but, with a small part of her, admires. When Rachel's father in a sudden access of fury murders Antony, the two wealthy and powerful families struggle desperately to obtain, the one his acquittal, the other their revenge. A young man of humbler origin who loves Rachel happens to be a witness of vital importance to the case. The story, and even its solution, is commonplace enough, but it is lifted far out of the ruck by the terseness of the dialogue, which has some of the point and tension (though never the rotundity) of Miss Compton-Burnett's, and by the author's refusal to enlarge on the more obvious and succulent situations. His is certainly a talent to be watched.

Lonely White Sail is a Russian novel by the author of *Squaring the Circle*, a play which was produced in London not long ago. Its theme is Odessa at the time of the 1905 revolution: that wave of revolutionary feeling which found its typical outlet in the mutiny of the cruiser *Potemkin*. But the author has had the unusual idea of presenting the complex currents of Odessa life from the point of view of two small boys; and the result is wholly delightful. Petya is the son of a schoolmaster, and Gavrik is his best friend, a poor fisher-boy, who only half comprehends his brother's activities with the revolutionary committee; between them they contrive to conceal from the police one of the mutinous sailors, and ultimately to secure his escape. Does that sound like a lifeless tract for the instruction of Red children? It is nothing of the kind, but a story full of humour and humanity, in which the brutal episodes are all the more horrifying because of the eternal and delightful preoccupations of boyhood which they interrupt. Admirable too are Petya's liberal father and four-year-old brother Pavlik: the whole family circle forms one of those idylls of Russian childhood of which we do not easily tire, for they seem richer in memory and somehow happier than our own. How could the Soviet ever have made the mistake of attempting to eradicate the family in a country so saturated with family feeling as Russia? Anyone who enjoyed *Emil and the Detectives* is certain to enjoy this charming book; it would indeed make an admirable film—provided the director, like the author, managed to see everything through the eyes of alert and intelligent childhood.

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AN ASQUITH LOOKS BACK

Moments of Memory. By HERBERT ASQUITH. *Hutchinson.* 18*s.*

From the disordered eruptive world of the 1930's imagination or memory must often travel fondly back to the ordered, carefree days before the war. Already the generation, which was then young—the last to enjoy the hospitality of the great Edwardian hostesses and to drink its whisky at 4*s.* 6*d.* the bottle—has assumed a legendary fame most of which has been bestowed on those who were killed but some of which has clung to those who survived. Mr. Asquith was himself a part of the most brilliant group of that generation, and consequently his modest, almost self-effacing, account of his life before and during the war gives this book a particular interest. In addition to that he has much that is revealing to say of his father, and his comments on political events are marked by a certain spaciousness and tolerance, both of which, one feels, are hereditary.

His childhood and boyhood were certainly varied. There was to begin with the home in Keats Grove with Mr. Asquith bowling lobs to Raymond, while Haldane stood in the deep field, with tremendous fireworks on November 5th, with a lovely mulberry tree from which Herbert Asquith would help his mother to pick the fruit for jam. As the family fortunes improved and particularly after his father's second marriage, the home was transformed. Keats Grove was exchanged for Cavendish Square, and Herbert Asquith played with his Great Northern steam engine in the Hall, met Mr. Gladstone in the holidays and was tipped a sovereign at Winchester by the Lord Chief Justice. In these early years Mr. Asquith brings out very clearly his father's reticence and unruffled temperament. When the said steam engine was behaving at its very worst, lying off the rails in a pool of burning methylated spirit, Lord Oxford came out from his study, "surveyed the scene for a few moments with a slightly curious air, sniffed at the steam-laden atmosphere, and without comment or criticism passed out through the front door." On another occasion he came down to see his sons at Winchester and was waiting for a truant cab to take him to the station as he had to be in the North of England for an important meeting. There seemed every probability that he would miss both train and meeting. "My father showed no sign of anxiety; his attitude was tinged with a kind of mellow fatalism, an economy of worry which was part of his practical philosophy." An enviable nature, and one that explains why more eager, more blustering temperaments thought him indifferent and even lazy.

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The same quality marked his physical courage, as was instanced when he was attacked by Suffragettes on a golf course.

Mr. Asquith gathers up the threads from the biographies of the relevant statesmen to tell again the story of December, 1916. He judges harshly—and posterity will judge even more harshly—the steadfast intrigues of the Conservative leaders, Bonar Law and Balfour, for whom place and power for their friends meant so much, and loyalty to their chief so little. But there is nothing barbed about Mr. Asquith's pen: indeed only one person is treated with anything approaching scorn. That man is Sir Henry Wilson. Mr. Asquith quotes two prophecies of this illustrious freebooter without comment but with devastating effect. The first was on Kitchener's Army. "Under no circumstances—he wrote—could these mobs take the field for two years. What is the use of them?" In July, 1918, he foretold that July 1st, 1919, would be the time for an Allied offensive.

For those who find the wrangles of generals, statesmen and self-appointed strategists about the war somewhat intricate and confusing, there could be no better corrective than Mr. Asquith's account of his experiences in France. There is, in his account, nothing flamboyant, and the reader is enabled to catch that most valuable but most elusive sidelight on the war—the soldiers' point of view. Something of the pathos and futility of it all is reflected in his description of training on Salisbury Plain:

> The scene I remember best was a march over the rolling slopes and ridges of the Wiltshire Downs in the dusk of a moonless night, when that long singing column of youth moved, rank on rank, passing over the hill like a company of shadows; as they marched at ease, their lighted cigarettes looked like a train of fire-flies moving through the darkness, and so, singing and smoking, but scarcely visible themselves, they crossed the upland turf beneath rollers of midnight cloud and the sparse, glittering lights of the September stars.

We are often told that modern methods of warfare have removed all picturesqueness from a battle, though whether a battle was ever a very picturesque sight depends, I suppose, on the mood of the onlooker. Mr. Asquith seems to have had an eye for the grandeur of the scene, and he writes of the opening of the battle of Arras: "from the Hindenburg Line rose hundreds of golden rockets, the S.O.S. signals to the German guns, continuously rising and falling and lifting their brilliant shimmering trails high above the smoke." Equally vivid is his description of the opening of the German offensive in March, 1918:

> The scene at this moment was one of great grandeur: the German aeroplanes came on, dipping and swerving in front of the grey lines of infantry . . . there was a continuous background of thunder which seemed to extend for many miles on either side of us beneath the low dun-coloured sky, in which the smoke of the battle was mingled with the remains of the mist.

Certainly nothing can bring home to the reader the sense of the magnitude of Mr. Lloyd George's blunder in keeping 170,000 soldiers in reserve in England better than Mr. Asquith's simple statement of the feelings of himself and his men when after hours of gruelling fighting they received the order to retire 7 miles. "We read it with amazement, and it dawned on us at last that the reinforcements we had imagined were creatures of our own fancy."

Mr. Asquith is certainly right to emphasise the disastrous effects of war propaganda even on our most eminent politicians. It distorted their minds and coloured our foreign policy for years. The soldier, as Mr. Asquith says, is less prone to the evil influences of that kind of propaganda. The act of fighting works as a safety-valve for hysterical feelings, and the endurances, common to soldiers on both sides, inspire an appropriate sense of chivalry. The soldiers would have made a fairer, more lasting peace than did Mr. Lloyd George. How wise our forbears were to leave it to the Duke of Wellington after 1815! ROGER FULFORD

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MACHIAVELLI

Machiavelli, The Man, His Work and His Times. By JEFFREY PULVER. *Herbert Joseph.* 12s. 6d.

It is a little difficult to know what exactly was the purpose Mr. Pulver had in view when he decided to write this book. It is pleasant and competent; it is based on a careful reading of the obvious authorities; and it is plain that Mr. Pulver enjoyed writing it. But there is really nothing in it to justify three hundred full pages which hardly do more than repeat the agreeable commonplaces of the theme. That it was a brutal age which made success the test of merit; that the *mores* of the Church were degraded; that Machiavelli was neither a hero nor a man consciously eulogising the methods of the tyrant; that his habits of mind and thought are a central clue to the Italian Renaissance; all this was well known. Mr. Pulver tells us the whole story again, with all the obvious comments on Alexander VI and Caesar Borgia, on the habits of the Medici and the ambitions of the French. I can discover nothing new in his narrative by way of research or of insight. It is competent bookmaking by a man who is genuinely interested in his subject. But I do not think it is anything more. There is, no doubt, still a great deal of work to be done in the elucidation of this enigmatic figure. We need far more knowledge than we yet possess on the origins of the secular spirit in the political thought of the Renaissance; and it is clear from what work has been done that this is going to be a far more complicated inquiry than appeared probable thirty or forty years ago. We need research into the methods of medieval administration such as Tout and Viollet have done for England and France. It is clear that a good deal of Machiavelli's thinking was conditioned by the fact that he was a civil servant, accustomed, as most civil servants are, to take the ends given him by his masters for granted. Some forty years ago, Mr. Burd and Lord Acton set out in a magistral way the central issues upon which the Machiavellian problem turns; and it would be of great interest and importance to follow up in detail the broad avenues of research they indicated as desirable. So far, at any rate, too little of this work has been attempted. There has been little serious effort to trace what actual influence, if any, Machiavelli had upon the thought of his period; what most men of the sixteenth century said in answer to his work was a response rather to a legend they created of him than to the ideas for which he stood. It may even be said that most of the doctrines he is supposed to represent he hardly represented at all. No doubt he shocked his contemporaries. But what shocked them was less the actual recommendations he made than the fact that he presented them without any of the trimmings to which they were accustomed. Both his assumptions and his method of analysis were different from theirs. He thought of politics neither theologically nor juristically, but as an administrator and social psychologist whose data are the pregnant

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experience through which he lived. Out of that experience, he derived the conclusion that, though good is the general interest of the community, men are poor creatures because they will always sacrifice good, so defined, to their own interest when that interest is in conflict with that of the community.

This, one supposes, is what he had learned men were like in his official experience; and his major works are all a commentary upon the consequences of that conclusion. What made him a significant pioneer was that he sought, perhaps for the first time since classical antiquity, to discover the permanent rules which enable governments to endure and to be strong. In doing so, he put on one side those attempts to reach ideal principles immanent either in the law of God or of Nature which were the mainstay of his predecessors in political thought and of most of his successors for something like a century to come. He saw that observation could be the basis of laws; and in that sense, he is the great precursor of a tradition in which Bodin (who had no great opinion of him), Bacon, Hobbes and Montesquieu are the great names. I do not think it is true to say, as is often said, that he was a pioneer in the use of the historical method. The great novelty of his outlook is the fact that what others took as powers to be obeyed, he took as forces to be used. It was this that shocked his epoch, and made his name a synonym for evil ways of thought.

The real weakness of Mr. Pulver's study is that in approaching these issues he has not really asked himself the right questions, and he has not, therefore, given us the answers that are important. That Machiavelli was an ardent patriot living in a period stained by the evil crimes of relentless men we all knew. That he was passionately criticised by men who did not doubt that the methods he utilised were unavoidable, who were, indeed, prepared to condone their use, we knew also. What shocked the sixteenth century in Machiavelli was the fact that he was the first man to study the ways of power unconnected with the conventional ethical and religious norms which it had for a thousand years been customary to introduce as the criteria by which the ways of power were to be judged. Machiavelli declined the office of moral censor. He explained as best he could what he had seen; and he drew, as best he could, the inferences therefrom he deemed appropriate. His great error was to assume that his particular experience was universally valid; his comments on Livy, for instance, are proof that his conception of history was a wholly static one. Had Mr. Pulver seen that it is the secularism of his thought that is its novelty, he would have given a different perspective to his account of Machiavelli's thought. And he would have seen, too, why his influence on the century that succeeded was largely negligible. The experience he represents was dead within a decade of his own death; and it was not until the eighteenth century that the inertia of despair was lifted from Italy. After Vico, new ferments created new possibilities. H. J. LASKI

NON-POLITICAL IRELAND

The Way That I Went: An Irishman in Ireland. By R. LLOYD PRAEGER. *Methuen.* £1 1s.

The National Library, Dublin, has been commemorated in literature. It has its place in such famous books as *Ulysses* and *Hail and Farewell*, more recently in Dr. Oliver Gogarty's *As I Was Going Down Sackville Street;* and the end is not yet, for no writer upon literary Dublin in the last thirty years will be able to leave out of his reminiscences the generous and (in their different ways) most interesting men who formed during that period the superior staff of the building in Kildare Street. My memory of the Library goes back to the days when George Moore and Mr. James Joyce used to visit it; neither *Hail and Farewell* nor *Ulysses* was then written. Moore and Joyce were unacquainted, but both went to the Library for the same purpose, which was not to read in the round room, but to be shown into the inner offices where they would be sure to find someone to talk to. In those days T. W. Lyster was the Head Librarian, a frolicsome and gentle Wordsworthian, who represented the older culture of Dublin and never missed a chance of quoting the sublime passages of Edmund Burke. His First Assistant was Dr. Lloyd Praeger, a botanist and geologist from Ulster; the Juniors were Mr. "John Eglinton," that exquisite but shy essayist, and Mr. R. I. Best, a philologist and scholar in ancient Irish. Here Joyce took the notes for the chapter in *Ulysses* where Stephen Dedalus develops his theory of the problem of Hamlet. Lyster, it would seem, interested Joyce most; but Moore, being in search of help in his work as "copy" directed his attentions to Eglinton, who

knew "how to read a book better than anyone else," and to Best, who could explain the use of the subjunctive case. ("But Best, I will *always* use the subjunctive now.") The dark horse of the Library, at least so far as its literary and journalistic visitors were concerned, was Dr. Praeger, whose book is now before me; and Dr. Praeger appears in none of the conversation pieces of the period. Vaguely one thought of a scientist from Ulster who would resolutely prefer facts and things to ideas, a preference which is indeed exhibited in *The Way I Went*. It is not reported that George Moore ever said to Dr. Praeger, as he used to say to Mr. Best and "John Eglinton": "But you write better than any of us. Why don't you write more?" But in *The Way I Went* Dr. Praeger has published what is surely one of the best books ever written on Ireland.

Dr. Praeger is one of the great botanists of our time, a born botanist, for he tells us how at the age of four his father had to put a fence round the garden patch, because the child picked all the blossoms; at five he knew belemnites and harebells and flint flakes. He took a scientific course at the Queen's University, near Belfast; but it was in the Belfast Field Club, of which he has been a member for sixty years, that he learned to explore Ireland for its natural phenomena, and to this Club we therefore owe the great Praeger scheme of 1894 for the botanical survey of the island into forty districts. It fell to Dr. Praeger to accomplish the survey of Central Ireland, the least-known part of the country from every point of view, and the knowledge thus acquired is enshrined in the Royal Irish Academy's publication, *Irish Topographical Botany*: a collaboration his share in which was fifty twelve-hour days in the field for five consecutive years, with uncounted hours spent in classification in laboratories. *The Way I Went* is not presented as a further contribution to exact science; who runs may read this delightful account of the long experience of an Irishman, far from the ordinary activities of men, among rocks, flowers, birds and beasts, and sometimes—for Dr. Praeger is an antiquarian too—among those memorials of bygone piety and warfare which divide the visible Irish past between them. One looks in vain in the index for the name of a politician or of a poet. W. B. Yeats might have been there, for he always gets "things" right in his poetry; but the humans who figure—and they figure vividly—in Dr. Praeger's book are all Naturalists: such as Chichester Hart, R. J. Ussher, Dr. W. J. Green, Cecil Baring (the late Lord Revelstoke), who bought and lived upon Lambay island, where five of the smaller animals found proved to be new to science, and that remarkable man Nathaniel Colgan, who should have been from his name some scribe in the Middle Ages, but was in fact a clerk in the Dublin Metropolitan Police Court in the reigns of Victoria, Edward VII and George V.

The Way I Went is, I should repeat, a narrative, almost an autobiography; it is not written in the spirit of an addition to a special branch of learning but, like W. H. Hudson's books, in that of a contribution to general literature. Indeed, Dr. Praeger may be said to have done for Ireland what Hudson did for Hampshire and for La Plata; and though he has not Hudson's intensity of vision, much of his descriptive writing is rich in poetical feeling:

> The wind died down as quickly as it had arisen, and after midnight we were able to leave for the mainland. It had fallen dead calm, with a long oily swell on which a scrap of moon flickered. As we cleared the island the light on the Mull flashed out, to be joined by others on Inishowen and on distant Inishtrahull: and these kept us company till the first faint gleam of dawn appeared over Kintire. Ghostly gulls began to flit past noiselessly, and black porpoises broke the surface, which now showed grey flashes reflected from the eastern sky. The high basaltic cliffs of Bengore Head glowed orange as the sun rose, while those of Fair Head were deep in shadow. Hurrying puffins from the great Rathlin colonies flew straight as arrows over the crests of the smooth rollers, and gannets suddenly appeared in the sky above, snow white, leisurely quartering the gleaming sea and dropping like plummets close to the boat. Now it was full day, and active bird life was everywhere. It was quite strange, when we stepped ashore at Ballycastle, to find the town still asleep.

There is adventure too, more than one story of a hairbreadth escape being told; and though *The Way I Went* is not a guide book, it contains much that should be, but is not, in the ordinary guide book, owing to the author's work having brought him into parts of Ireland which the Tourist Associations fail to advertise, such as the queer "English" barony of Forth in Wexford, and the Burrens in Clare-Galway, where beauty becomes strange and unpopular (the Burrens happen also to be a paradise for the botanist). Nor does Dr. Praeger eschew the anecdote; but it is typical of his method that he should relate a folk-tale from the

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Western islands, half in the Anglo-Irish speech of the natives, half in the language of the botanist. In a more modern story he tells how a naturalist, finding himself in Co. Waterford one Sunday, avoided R. J. Ussher's house till driven there at nightfall by the pangs of hunger. Ussher was a fellow-naturalist, but he was also an evangelical Christian: he opened the door for the visitor, saying: "Supper is over, but you are just in time for prayers." Apart from the compliments which Dr. Praeger, a son of North Down, like the founder of the British Museum, Hans Sloane, pays to Dublin, the nearest approach to political controversy in the book is the remark of the Meath farmer that of his three sons two were living and the third was in Belfast.

J. M. HONE

LITERATURE OF ESCAPE

Knave of Hearts. By M. CORYN. *Thornton Butterworth.* 15*s.*

Henry of Navarre. By QUENTIN HURST. *Hodder and Stoughton.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Louis XIV. By KARL BARTZ. *Constable.* 18*s.*

"Of making many books there is no end; and much study is a weariness of the flesh." But one man's poison is another man's meat, and books which for some are a weariness may for a thousand others be a drug or an escape. In Germany, I am told, everyone is reading history, because man is, more or less, a rational animal, and man's instinct to reason and to criticise can find safe vent in history, provided it is sufficiently remote from the inflammable present. The three books listed above should find a ready audience in Germany, and indeed anywhere now that the newspapers make such depressing reading, when speculation about the future is becoming less and less attractive, and speculation of any kind more and more perilous. Let us take to history, as my forefathers took to the hills, for safety, and so long as the historian has a good tale to tell let us ask no more.

The best of these three, from that point of view, is Mr. Coryn's *Knave of Hearts*. He tells with gusto and not too waggishly the story of the preposterous Count de Lauzun, penniless Gascon gentleman who set the ladies of Versailles in a quite incredible flutter, cheeked even the *Roi Soleil*, and won the heart and hand of the king's first cousin, *la Grande Mademoiselle* herself. It is a fine tale. It illustrates all kind of ancient saws, that a man's a man for a' that, and love will find a way, and there's no fool like an old fool. It is gay and lively, gorgeous and exciting. There is plenty of suspense, a dash of the macabre, and it all finishes on a nice note of retribution, for the villain is found out. A more valuable contribution to our knowledge of human nature might have been provided by a study of *Mademoiselle*, poor thing. But that is neither here nor there. Lauzun's life makes the better story, and Mr. Coryn has told it honestly, not trying to explain more than he understands, and leaving the reader with something to wonder about. There is a lot to be said for a book which sets one thinking, however mildly. What, the reader will ask him- or herself, if this impertinent, ill-bred, dirty and dishonest little bounder could win all female hearts, whether he wanted them or not, what can the men of Louis the Fourteenth's court have been?

Next, in order of merit, comes *Henry of Navarre*. As a story-teller Mr. Hurst is inferior to Mr. Coryn. He is too conscientious, too anxious not to distort the truth, and then the setting of his tale, those bewildering French wars of religion, makes the whole thing more difficult to handle with clarity. But Henry is such an attractive figure. Quite human, he might have lived to-day. He probably does, several times over. Mr. Hurst has tried, successfully, to bring him down to ordinary proportions. Here is no hero nor no saint, but just a man. And Henry survives it. One likes him all the time, in spite of everything. Here is exactly what every young girl likes to imagine a Frenchman is, gay, gallant, brave, humane, and not too virtuous. And Henry is genuine French in that his manners are bad. This is escape less into fancy dress, as Mr. Coryn's book was, than into real life in a new setting where one is not threatened by Fascism, Communism, or the next war, but by other dangers which, being four centuries old, are less upsetting. One could wish Mr. Hurst had liked his hero better. He holds the balance of justice with an almost chilly equilibrium. But Henry is hot enough to make up for that. And the portrait reproduced as frontispiece is a masterpiece.

Then there is *Louis XIV*, by Karl Bartz. I have not heard of Mr. Bartz before, but he is immediately recognisable as a German social-historian of the Arnold Zweig school, though less intelligent. A lot of learning has gone into this book, too much has just got in. One cannot, admittedly, know too much about a period on which one means to write, but once one has begun writing a certain economy is desirable. Mr. Bartz is not at all economical. He hurls information at his reader's head till even Louis XIV is almost submerged. I recommend this book to lovers of bric-à-brac.

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SHORTER NOTICES

The New Divorce Act; A Simple Guide. By JAMES M. SANDERS. *Routledge.* 2*s.*

This little book may be useful to the ordinary public—at any rate to any layman who wants a divorce. It shows exactly what particulars a solicitor needs in order to prepare a divorce petition. It is certainly clear from a practical point of view; but the introduction contains two errors. In the first place, under the Roman Law until the time of Justinian, divorce was not a matter of "mutual consent" but could be obtained at the desire of only one spouse. In the second place, the Matrimonial Causes Act 1923 did not add any ground except making adultery alone a sufficient cause for a wife to divorce her husband. The "gross offences" referred to by the author were all included in the Matrimonial Causes Act 1857. There has been some discussion in legal circles as to whether the Act is retrospective in regard to desertion. This question can only be decided by the Court when the point arises; but one might expect some reference to it in a book which purports to guide the public.

The Peat Fire Flame. By ALASDAIR ALPIN MACGREGOR. *Moray Press.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Highlands and Isles of Scotland. By W. C. MACKENZIE. *Moray Press.* 15*s.*

The authors of these two books on Scotland have two qualities in common: they are both writing of their native country, and each possesses an infinite capacity for taking pains. Mr. Alasdair Alpin MacGregor has patiently gathered together an almost encyclopaedic collection of Gaelic legends. If he had given us less he might have given us more: the colourless repetition of practically similar stories may be of value to the antiquaries of the future, but is satiating to the general reader. The appeal of Highland folk-lore, kept vital once by the almost lost art of fireside story-telling, can now be resurrected only, at second best, by the pens of writers more gifted with charm than

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Mr. A. A. MacGregor. The patient reader, however, will find, if he digs into the author's pedestrian prose, occasional gems like the story of the Uist fishermen who caught a baby mermaid in their net. The mother mermaid pleaded for the release of her baby, it being "strange that the mermaid could speak the Gaelic."

Mr. W. C. Mackenzie brings to his history of the Highlands the fruits of considerable scholarship and research into the earliest Scottish records. The theory, to which he inclines, that the Picts were pirates whose racial origin was Scandinavian is highly controversial, but he produces much evidence in its favour. His exposition of the break-up of the clan system in the eighteenth century and of Scotland's economic and sociological decline in modern times is a sound analysis, but the author lacks the gift of vitalising history; in this painstaking record of dates and names, the people who were once sentient flesh and blood are cardboard figures, thick with text-book dust.

The Empire Yesterday and To-day. STEPHEN KING-HALL. *Oxford University Press.* 2s. 6d.

Commander King-Hall's wireless experience has made him adept at conveying, within strict limits of space and simplicity, the maximum of facts with the maximum of palatability. This little handbook is a good example. It must, of course, be judged purely as an elementary account of imperial developments, conditions and prospects; it is for the general reader, the schoolboy, and the conscious ignoramus who wants to make a start. As such it is excellent. One can criticise, even on this level, the absence of any explanation of the part capital movements have played in Empire building, and the extreme sketchiness, in general, of the economic element. Constitutional development, on the other hand, is brilliantly summarised; the opening chapter, *Why the Empire is Worth While* (though its generalisations on democracy, self-government and the Rule of Law may cause wry smiles in students of Indian, African and Cingalese affairs) is a fine apologia. The maps provided might be better; they are neither particularly clear nor particularly illuminating, and there is no map of India at all, though the Malay States are represented. These deficiencies, and the lack of a reading list, are surprising in a book otherwise so competently constructed, attractively presented, and eminently readable.

Frontiers of Science. By CARL TRUEBLOOD CHASE *English Universities Press.* 12s. 6d.

Frontiers of Science is another of those books of popular science. They are the blood brothers of those cribs which enabled one to go through the motions of translation from Latin and Greek while staring at sentences whose construction remained mysterious. Pages one to twenty are occupied with a history of scientific method—"During the period of the Renaissance a great spiritual awakening came to Europe. Although this period is generally mentioned by historians in connection with the study of art and literature it is also important in a quite different field." The remaining 310 pages are devoted to Astronomy, Astrophysics, Relativity, The Theory of the Expanding Universe, The Quantum Theory, Quantum Mechanics, Fundamental Particles, Cosmic Rays, Biochemistry, Biophysics and Medicine. It is not such a large order as it looks, however, for the "Frontiers" in the title refer to those branches of science having news value, and each chapter is an explanation of some sensational research divorced entirely from the parent body of experiment and result that has given it direction and meaning. When the reader has finished the book he will be able to make remarks about science not more intelligent than the thought about the Renaissance quoted above. Better stick to being good unless you are prepared to read far less chatty books than this

Now I'm Sixteen. By DOUGLAS POPE. *Dent.* 8s. 6d.

This autobiography of a boy of sixteen is a sensible, capable job of work. Douglas Pope has had no experiences which the sensational press could headline. He is a sane youngster who has recorded in direct prose the life of a son of working people living in the Weald of Kent. He hardly ever tries to be "literary" and when he does is so naive about it that no one could fail to forgive him. His book shows courage, acute observation, and above all, common sense. *Now I'm Sixteen* is better than most autobiographies. It deserves to be read by everyone who is inclined to underestimate the intelligence of the average child.

All the Days of My Life. By S. P. B. MAIS. *Hutchinson.* 10s. 6d.

Mr. Mais has led an interesting life, but has written a remarkably commonplace book about it. He has met all those people whose gossip makes newspapers, and has enthusiastically recorded his meetings and the compliments paid him. He praises brevity and rewriting, but his own prose is slipshod. He frequently repeats himself, and when he quotes, misquotes. There is no doubt that his facility is his worst enemy. The best part of this autobiography deals with his experiences as a teacher.

Design in Nature. By Professor JAMES RITCHIE. Design of Life Series. *Country Life.* 5s.

A Bird Lover's Britain. By G. K. YEATES. *Philip Allan.* 15s.

A Pocket Book of British Trees. By E. H. B. BOULTON *Black.* 5s.

An Anthology of Modern Animal Writing. By FRANCES PITT *Nelson.* 3s. 6d.

The Beauty of Butterflies. Introduction by JULIAN HUXLEY *Batsford* 5s. 6d.

The new "Design of Life" Series had necessarily to begin with a volume that was closely preoccupied with the title of the series. No better writer could have been chosen than Professor Ritchie to perform this onerous task. He had not only to justify the series but also to make certain that future volumes would be bought. A double victory is his. The things we accept in Nature are here—day and night, autumn and winter, blossom and fruit—but with a new significance. The great rhythms and designs behind them are shown, and we see that there is no chance even in the shape of flower seeds, no wild mistake of Nature in pest plagues, and that the welfare of carnivorous animals depends upon the welfare of plants they would never eat. Nobody has to be interested in natural history to begin this book; many will be converts after finishing it. With its excellent illustrations and its admirable style it opens the way to a new understanding of life, one which anybody with a garden, a dog, a wife or a child must be aware of but may not necessarily comprehend. Mr. Yeates's book is one of those ornithological volumes about which it is so easy to be unjust. One has the feeling that the observations of a naturalist such as this should be used to give a more solid book, a more specialised study of a few birds, rather than scanty, accurate notes on many kinds. One would like, for instance, far more about the Divers, about the Stone Curlew and the Bearded Tit. To attain this, the author would have omitted much writing, containing nothing very new, on the Song Thrush, Blackbird, Whitethroat and Kestrel. The price is heavy, but the illustrations are plentiful and taken from excellent photographs, though they are reproduced in the lifeless monochrome of photogravure. Fine-screen half-tone is still unbeatable for natural history pictures. Mr. Boulton's book on trees has an admirably concise text but poor illustrations. At least from the novice's point of view, the system of showing the winter skeleton of deciduous trees, with a close-up of a group of leaves on the other side, breaks down because so many of the trees selected are not typical specimens. The oak, for example, might very well be the same tree as the False Acacia to the uninitiated, the Ash is quite un-Ash-like, the Rowan might be anything. Even those in summer garb are poor, the Alder being out of its element, the Hazel more like a Catalpa and the Aspen a retouched disgrace. The lesson as to typical form is rubbed in by the evergreens, the pictures of which are excellent, unmistakable

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and worthy of a well-planned book. The lastest recruit to the "Modern Anthologies" is admirable. Miss Pitt has chosen widely and well and the thirty-two writers represented are all of the best. Last on the list is a booklet containing coloured pictures of forty-one butterflies. There is a short technical text by Professor Adolf Portmann and an Introduction by Julian Huxley. The faithfulness of the reproductions is extraordinary. Julian Huxley justly says of them: "I defy anyone to turn over the pages without experiencing some thrill of astonishment and beauty."

About Motoring

EIGHT-CYLINDER ENGINES

HENRY FORD has rendered the motor industry many great services, and democratised motoring as a whole. At the moment he is mainly responsible for providing a fastidious minority of moderately well-to-do owners with a new road thrill. As everybody knows, he introduced a 30 h.p. eight-cylinder car a few years ago which has attained an immense international market, and would have knocked a great many British cars off the market but for the fact that our taxation scale and our petrol prices made it rather an expensive car to run. But its assault on the home market put ideas into the pates of several British designers.

Roughly speaking, and other things being equal, the more cylinders a petrol engine has, the more smoothly it runs, the fiercer becomes its acceleration in proportion to its power, and the more tenaciously it holds its top gear against a gradient. These are regarded as great assets by all experienced drivers. But for a long period the eight- and twelve-cylinder engines were hardly regarded as practical. Already far too much of the end-to-end length of a motor-car chassis is occupied by the engine, while a long bonnet of any height actually makes for danger, as it prevents the driver from seeing his offside wing tip and so introduces an element of guesswork into his steering at close quarters. Moreover, he is set back much too far from his lamps in fog. Again, the valve tappets of too many engines demand regular and meticulous attention; and it was supposed that the more tappets an engine had, the more adjustment it would require.

Ford slaughtered both defects with his V8 engine. In length it was the equivalent of a standard four-cylinder engine; and its valve gear was so ingeniously designed that tappet adjustment was almost completely eliminated. One or two British designers have taken the hint, and the market is beginning to sprout British V8s, albeit of a very different type from their American progenitor. The Riley and Standard introductions are fine examples of this pattern. Neither firm has slavishly copied Ford's general notion, for both cars are on the small side dimensionally, and at a casual glance along the road would be taken for medium-sized four-cylinders or small six-cylinders. This modification is entirely due to the high British engine taxation and the high cost of fuel in this country.

So far as the sensations of occupation are concerned, neither car compares with the Ford V8 in spaciousness; if each seat in either of them were occupied by a corpulent man or woman, the passengers' verdict would in both cases be cast in favour of the Ford. But since the tax is lower (Standard £15, Riley £13 10s., Ford V8 £22 10s.—or £16 10s. for the smaller Ford engine), they may find their niche in the market. The catalogue prices are: Ford 30 h.p. V8, £255; Ford 21 h.p. V8, £210; Riley V8, £450; Standard V8, £325. It is not possible to compare their fuel consumptions accurately, since so much depends on engine tune, and upon the handling of a car by its owner, but the two British cars unquestionably show a slight fuel economy in any comparison.

It may well be asked whether the tax is of real account, when the Fords are so very much cheaper than their British imitators; if we compare the Riley with the 30 h.p. Ford, one pays £195 more for the British car, and saves £9 per annum on tax, plus a pound or two on petrol. But the Briton who can afford to buy and run an eight-cylinder car is descended from generations of "kerridge folk," or has been infected by their prejudices. He relishes a distinctive vehicle; if nobody in his neighbourhood owns a duplicate, so much the better; if his butcher owns a duplicate, he instantly takes a dislike to the car. Moreover, he appreciates a good and lasting finish, together with full *de luxe* equipment. Economically, he would of course be wise to prefer the Ford; as a financial proposition, it has far the best of the argument. But his tastes and prejudices and conventions overrule his pocket more often than not.

So let us consider what a car like the V8 Standard can do. Its engine probably develops about 75 brake horse power, and as it has wear-proof tappets, and is normally operated on a very small throttle opening, it requires no tinkering. It is as devoid of mechanical or exhaust noise as a low-priced explosion engine can hope to be, and in motion the roar of the wind at high speeds drowns the very subdued sounds of rotating machinery and pulsating exhaust gases which cannot be eliminated on any chassis costing less than £2,000. It has four gears, foolproofed by the synchro-mesh change. If these gears are smartly operated by a good driver, the car will leap away from a standstill like a racing car, and attain 50 m.p.h. in twelve seconds. It will do 60 m.p.h. on third gear, a speed most useful and protective for overtaking purposes on busy roads. On the rare occasions when an empty straight is found, it will touch about 85 m.p.h. and so is fractionally faster than the big Ford. But if an old woman wishes her chauffeur to drive it prettily, its progress resembles the defunct steam cars of a bygone age, for it will move inaudibly at speeds from 4 m.p.h. to over 80 m.p.h. without change of gear. Incidentally, its brakes are adequate for the very high speeds of which it is capable, so that it is tantamount to two cars in one, for it can be treated like a perambulator, or as a rorty sports car (except that it cannot be made noisy). Its sole snag is that the coachwork is not roomy when contrasted with the typical American saloon. Four twelve-stone men can occupy it in comfort; but four fifteen-stoners would find themselves yearning for more physical clearance on any stuffy day.

Its details are excellent throughout. To cite a few illustrative items, the double windscreen wiper is split between two controls. The driver must always submit to the mesmeric effect of a waggling blade in rain or snow, but his front seat companion can stop his blade at will. The speedometer—almost alone amongst such dials—is mounted really high up, where the driver can remain conscious of its readings without shifting his gaze from the road. The jacking system is as good as any on the road, and cheaper than most modern devices, for a rubber-plugged socket for a loose jack is provided at all four corners of the car. The spare wheel is mounted out of sight, easily released, and flanked by clippings

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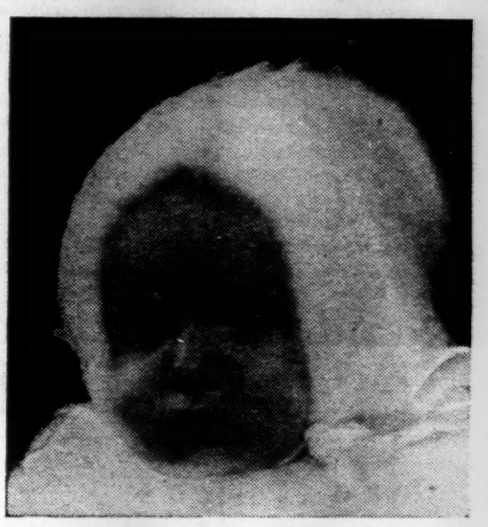

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Week-end Competitions

No. 395

Set by G. R. Strauss

"Un Français—un etre intelligent; deux Français—une altercation violente; trois Français—un menage. One Scotsman—a doctor; two Scotsmen—a Savings Bank; three Scotsmen—the British Empire."

This old method of maliciously summarising national characteristics can well be extended to groups within a nation. The usual prizes (Two Guineas and Half a Guinea) will be offered to competitors who most aptly apply this device (in English) to the British adherents of any five of the following creeds, professions or positions:

Lawyers, Journalists, Doctors, Policemen, Clergymen, Liberals, Communists, Fascists, Schoolmasters, Commercial Travellers, Nudists, Boy Scouts, Golfers, NEW STATESMAN readers.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, October 15th.
2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.
3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.
4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 393

Set by Raymond Postgate

In Dieppe Maritime Station there used to be a notice which in proud English stated HERE IS THE BUREAU OF PERFECTLY GRATUITOUS INFORMATION, and a restaurant in Moscow south of the Novomoskovsky Hotel till recently alarmed English tourists by offering TEAS, COFFEES AND BEARS.

The usual prizes (Two Guineas and Half a Guinea) are offered for the most remarkable notices in English posted in foreign countries by foreigners; place, and time of discovery if possible, should be given as evidence of authenticity.

Report by Raymond Postgate

I am faced by a peculiar difficulty in judging this competition. A severe Puritanism broods over the Competition corner nowadays, and my third example (much the funniest) was removed by the Editor because it dealt with lavatories. Now, unfortunately, the readers of the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION appear to delight in this type of joke, or else foreigners choose one small room inevitably to commit their most charming errors in. Certainly I have never read so many lavatory jokes since I left the Sixth Form. But I cannot award the prize to any of them—not even to "Sewer brain" who found a notice in the Engadine warning her against various improbable practices and concluding with "section of a soil pipe (actual size) for further guidance." I cannot speculate on the nature of Mr. George Kaye's "TERRASSES FOR APERIENTS" at Wenduyne, nor on the habits of railway travellers between Visp and Zermatt where "Askalon" saw the notice "GENTLEMEN ARE REQUESTED not to stand on the seat."

Are handbasins also disqualified? A large number of readers report, in varying forms: "Keep the Cocks Stopped!" Mr. A. F. E. Gott found in Kotor the even better notice: "Please close the water-spout." Before I abandon sanitation altogether I must quote E. M. A.:

In a list of services provided by the Blaukreuzerhof, Thun, in 1925:

"Every kind of shower-bath and aspersion."

There has clearly been a mass holiday of NEW STATESMAN AND NATION readers in Palestine, and all of them have seen the "Diplomatic Midwife," the butcher who "kills himself every morning," and the bus notice "No Smoke, No Spite." But Oriental errors were disappointing, but for a few which did not convince me. "FALSE TEETH & EYES:—LATEST METHODISTS" ("Lao Kuniang") was a good shop sign from China; so, too, from India—Dehra Dun—was "Sootblack's" "Dead Tennis Bats Alived Here." Aberglaslyn is not a foreign town, or I would have considered for a prize Maurice Goodenday's notice outside a Welsh cottage:

TEA, HOT WATER, AND KNITTED STOCKINGS

Here are some more specimens of the impossible or impenetrable announcements:

"Dogs must pay for their own board" (Annecy; Mr. Dickin Moore).

"In the Doar of Fuenerrabia Town's The Great Casino have libre acces and you know" (Fuentarrabia; J. Jardine).

"Visitors are respectfully requested not to go to bed with greased bodies" (Dubrovnik; M. B. Crawfurd).

"Drontheim is a few hours from Hell, a warm place even in winter, where cheap arrangements can be made for a long stay" (Miss B. C. Hardy).

"*Self-Movings of Luxury.*"—A. L. W. Russell reports as Peiraean Greek for expensive motor cars. Here are some more unclassifiable oddities:

IT IS FORBIDDEN TO SMOKE, TO CRASH, TO TOUCH OUT THE STATUS, AND THEIR PHOTO.—(The museum at Olympia; "Eremita.")

"Kind English and American visitors please give money to entertain our beautiful cathedral."—(Constances Cathedral; "J. B.")

"Please use the electricity for lighting purposes only. The Direction denies any responsibility that may occur."—(Brussels; L. King.)

HERE ONE SHALL BEKOME A BEEFSTEAK IN THE ENGLISCH MODE.—(Berlin restaurant; L. V. Upward.)

I award the first prize to Elspeth Robertson, and the second to Muriel Haydon. Miss Haydon's first entry is an old one, and was given (though not in so apt a form) by several other competitors.

FIRST PRIZE

Seen during a Rhine tour in 1934, Easter. Notice put up by Local Guide (German):

VISITORS TO THE CATHEDRAL
DONT FORGET TO VIEW ITS BEHIND.

I explained to the Guide that "behind" was used in another sense in

JANE AUSTEN

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(*Published at 35/- in 1930*)

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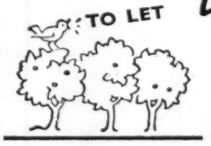
Booksellers

CAMBRIDGE ENGLAND



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—Adrian Stokes

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—Miss E. Watson

"The situation of my flat was particularly attractive as were also the airy rooms with their large windows and restful views."
—Marcel Breuer, Architect

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Football

The whistle starts the first game of the season. Leading his side as he did in the Spring he takes the opposing backs by surprise and slams the ball into the net before the game is a minute old—the first goal scored in the season.

What a Golden Moment it must be for him! But even he cannot smoke a better tobacco at a shilling an ounce than Cut Golden Bar.—But it must be Wills's!

2 oz. vacuum tin

WILLS'S CUT GOLDEN BAR

READY RUBBED
in 2 oz. Pocket Vacuum Tins and 1 oz. Airtight Tins
FLAKE FORM
in 2 oz. Vacuum Tins and 1 oz. Packets

1/- AN OUNCE

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The Secretary, 74 BROOK GREEN, LONDON, W.6.

For cleaning Silver, Electro Plate &c. "Goddard's" Plate Powder 6d 1/- & 2/- Liquid Polish 9d & 1/3

APPOINTMENTS VACANT & WANTED

LANCASHIRE COUNTY LIBRARY

Applications are invited for the position of female technical assistant, at a salary of £150–£10–£220, subject to 5 per cent. deduction under the County Council's superannuation scheme. Candidates must hold the certificate for the Diploma of the School of Librarianship. Applications accompanied by copies of three testimonials must reach the Director of Education, County Offices, Preston, by the first post on Saturday, October 16th.

The successful candidate will be required to undergo a medical examination.

LANCASHIRE COUNTY LIBRARY.

Applications are invited for the post of Branch Librarian at the Rishton Branch of the Lancashire County Library at scale salary for Grade C Branches of £120–£10–£160. Candidates must have passed the Elementary Examination of the Library Association. Applications, accompanied by three recent testimonials, must reach the Director of Education, County Offices, Preston, not later than Wednesday, 13th October.

URBAN DISTRICT COUNCIL OF COULSDON AND PURLEY.

PUBLIC LIBRARIES DEPARTMENT.

Applications are invited for the appointment of a Senior Assistant (Male or Female) in the Council's Public Libraries Department, commencing salary £150 per annum, maximum salary £250 per annum. Experience in Public Libraries essential. Candidates must have passed the Intermediate Examination of the Library Association.

The appointment will be subject to the provisions of the Local Government and Other Officers' Superannuation Act, 1922, and to the successful candidate passing the necessary Medical Examination.

Forms of application can be obtained from the undersigned and must be returned accompanied by copies of not more than three recent testimonials, not later than Tuesday, 19th October, 1937, duly endorsed.

Canvassing in any form will be a disqualification.

ERNEST C. KING,
Clerk of the Council.

Council Offices,
Purley, Surrey.
8th October, 1937.

LYNDALE SCHOOL, 67 Eton Avenue, N.W.3. Requires male assistant for workshop and sports. Interested in young children.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT & WANTED

PINEWOOD requires teacher—nursery—see school advt., N.S. & N.

ADVERTISING. A well-paid post can be yours—train with LONDON INSTITUTE OF ADVERTISING. Expert personal tuition by post. Mod. fees. Write Fairfax House (S.), High Holborn, W.C.1.

INDEXING of Books undertaken, research, editorial assistance, London. Write Box 3642, Samson Clark's, 61, Mortimer Street, W.1.

WOMAN Graduate, 36, wants help in finding work serving progress rather than the national "Educational" system which produces masses, not self-ruling, aware individuals. Willing travel, organise, speak French. Box 135, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

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A recognised training centre for the Diploma of the University of London in Physical Education, also for the Certificate of the Chartered Society in Massage and Medical Gymnastics.

Particulars from: THE SECRETARY, Anstey College, Erdington, Birmingham.

THE BEDFORD TRAINING COLLEGE FOR TEACHERS, 14 The Crescent, Bedford. Recognised by the Board of Education. Principal: MISS MARGARET SPENCE. Students are prepared for the examination of the National Froebel Union. The course of training is for 3 years. Fees with residence £94 10s. to £100 16s. Fees without residence £31 10s. For particulars apply SECRETARY.

TRAINING CENTRES—continued

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A DEGREE is possible for YOU. Now that Candidates for a London Degree who are 23 or over may take the shorter Special Entrance Exam., instead of Matriculation, the way to a Degree is easier. 809 Wolsey Hall students have passed the London Special Entrance Examination.—Free Guide to London Univ. Degrees and particulars of Home Study Courses from DIRECTOR OF STUDIES, Dept. VH902, WOLSEY HALL, OXFORD.

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Common sense and initiative encouraged.
Moderate fees. Good openings.
MISS E. CHYNOWETH, successor to Miss Trotman.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

OCT. 15th: Publication of GEORGE LANSBURY'S "Fact." Title, "Why Pacifists Should Be Socialists." Orders taken now. Price 6d., 7d. post free. FACT, 19 Garrick Street, London, W.C.2.

UNITARIAN Publications FREE. "What Do Unitarians Believe?" MISS BARMBY, Mount Pleasant, Sidmouth.

England, and that "back" would be more appropriate. Ten minutes later the following appeared :

VISITORS TO THE CATHEDRAL
DONT FORGET TO VIEW ITS BACKSIDE.

SECOND PRIZE

Notice on the gate of a hospital near Florence, run by the "Fratelli della Misericordia," about 1908 :

"The Miserable Brothers harbour every kind of disease and have no regard for religion."

Seen in a church in Southern Italy (1929) :

"To the middle-aged toms."

In a museum in Syria : "Room II. Arab Antics."

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 249.—ELECTING THE CHAIRMAN

NOTE.—*This problem is primarily for beginners. So many new readers have become regular solvers lately that it seems to me only fair to give them a show.*

Our Committee of six was lately confronted by the problem of electing its Chairman. Everyone wanted to occupy this position and there were so many intrigues and counter-intrigues that we agreed, in the end, upon an ingenious and elaborate scheme.

Each of us was to have five votes which he could apportion as he liked among the other five members of the Committee. But he was not allowed to give any votes to himself. The Chairman, of course, was to be the member who received the largest aggregate vote.

Alas ! our ingenuity overreached itself, for everyone received five votes. No one, strange to say, hit upon the plan of giving one vote to each of his five fellows ; each of us, however, apportioned his five votes differently. Miss Piminy, for example, strongly supported the Rev. Theophilus Still-Grinning, and divided her remaining votes between Lord Veto and me. I was also supported by Still-Grinning, and the measure of support I had from the reverend gentleman was accorded to Miss Piminy by Mr. Chattermore and also by Lord Veto. Still-Grinning also supported Chattermore.

But the most curious feature of the whole affair was that for each different distribution of "votes given" there was a corresponding distribution of "votes received."

Who voted for Major Allgraft, and how did the gallant Major vote ?

PROBLEM 247.—PIECRUST'S *v.* NOUGAT'S

Solution by F. B. Swift

It is clear that there were at least four houses and that the number of matches was six if there were four houses, ten if there were five houses, and so on. Possible scores are : 0—0, 1—0, 1—1, 2—0, 2—1, 3—0, 2—2, 3—1, 4—0, 5—0, 4—1, and 3—2, giving total goals scored in a match of 0, 1, 2, 2, 3, 3, 4, 4, 4, 5, 5 and 5. It is clearly impossible to select ten different results with an average of 2 goals per match, and the only possible selection of six results to give an average of 2 goals per match is :

0—0, 1—0, 3—1, 3—0, 1—1, and 2—0.

The "best result" is presumably 3—0, for the match between Gherkin's and Piecrust's and the unnamed house X scored 3—1 against Nougat's. Since the total number of goals scored by each house in all matches is 3, both Gherkin's and X must fail to score in both their other matches and must each draw one match. Thus the match between Gherkin's and X was drawn 0—0. Piecrust's must score 3 goals in the matches with X and Nougat's and the scores must be 2—0 against X and 1—1 against Nougat's, the remaining match between Gherkin's and Nougat's being won by the latter 1—0.

The result of the match between Piecrust's and Nougat's was a draw, one goal each.

PROBLEM 246.—THE DEEPWATER GIRLS AGAIN

A set of Low's cartoons goes to : D. H. Christ, 4 George Road, Solihull, Birmingham.

Eight points are awarded.

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points a solver is entitled to a prize consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10*s*. Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope, but on separate sheets of paper.

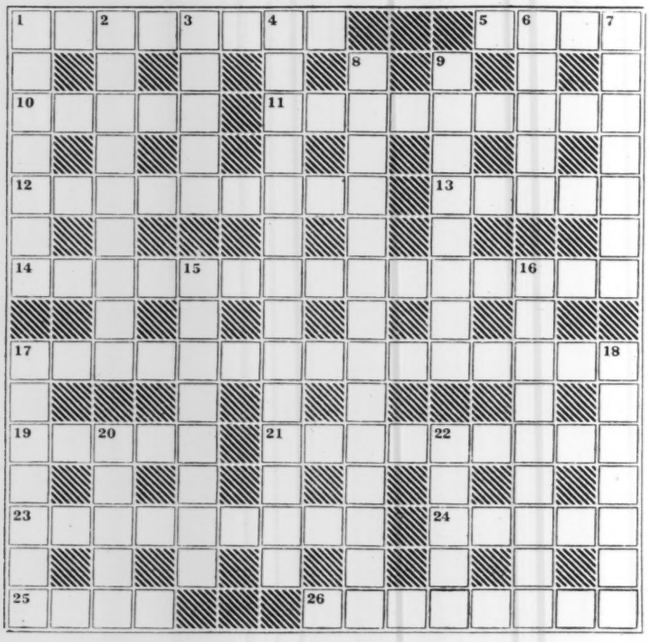
Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

[U.S.A. Competitors. The Editor regrets that the prizes offered in our Week-end Competitions cannot apply to American competitors.]

CALIBAN

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 396

Books to the value of Five Shillings may be chosen by the sender of the first correct solution opened. Post solutions to arrive not later than first delivery Wednesday following the date of issue, addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is
T. Cubitt, 21 Glyn Mansions, W.14.

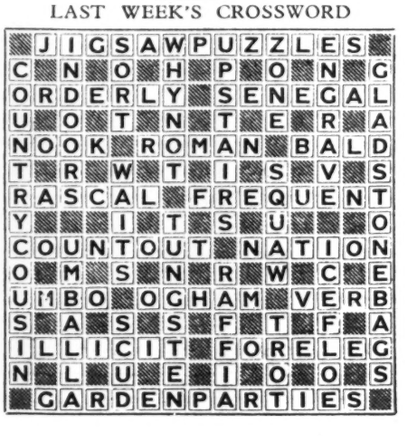
ACROSS

1. The others go to a chemist. (8)
5. This part of the earth suggests a water film. (4)
10. Noise *à la* Royal Marines. (5)
11. Tribes on the way. (9)
12. Train line periodically altered. (9)
13. A garden tool at a penny. (5)
14. They hop it together. (15)
17. Of course it tells you when you're all at sea. (15)
19. Harry Lauder thought it was to stay in bed. (5)
21. Even yet remains seated motionless. (9)
23. You'll find no Raja bid for such a plant. (9)
24. Left presently. (5)
25. This part of the vessel is a whole vessel on the Tyne. (4)
26. A beautiful contrast. (8)

DOWN

1. Hop kiln in red. (7)
2. He supplies the writer with materials for his work. (9)
3. 1,000 on the morning after. (5)
4. Gift of a comb presumably. (14)
6. A couple of commanding officers to a drink. (5)
7. Does their bossing make them class-conscious ? (7)
8. Excavations used for training purposes. (14)
9. Dig a tram out of this. (8)
15. They have cutting ways no doubt. (8)
16. How to get rid of rooted objections. (9)
17. There's a mat mixed up with the junk. (7)
18. Joins up under hot pressure. (7)
20. Carries submarine messages. (5)
22. Result of the mails being disorganised. (5)

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD



London Amusements

MATINEES

All at 2.30 p.m. unless otherwise stated.

ALDWYCH. Housemaster. Wed., Sat.

AMBASSADORS. People in Love. Tues., Fri.

CAMBRIDGE. The First Legion. Thurs., Sat.

COLISEUM. St. Moritz. Daily, 2.30.

COMEDY. The Last Straw. Tues., Fri.

DRURY LANE. Crest of the Wave. Wed., Sat.

DUCHESS. Time and the Conways. W. & S.

DUKE of YORK'S. Black Limelight. W., Sat.

GARRICK. Sarah Simple. Mon., Thurs.

HIS MAJESTY'S. Balalaika. Wed. & Sat.

LYRIC. Victoria Regina. Wed. & Thurs.

NEW. Bonnet Over the Windmill. W., S.

PLAYHOUSE. Whiteoaks. Wed., Thurs., Sat.

QUEENS. Richard II. Wed. & Sat.

ROYALTY. I Have Been Here Before. Th., S.

SAVOY. The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse. M., Fri.

ST. JAMES'S. Old Music. Wed., Thurs.

STRAND. A Spot of Bother. Tues., Thurs.

VICT. PAL. Busman's Honeymoon. W., S.

WESTMINSTER. "Youth's the Season . . . ?" Wed. & Sat.

WHITEHALL. The Dead Hand. Wed.

WYNDHAM'S. George & Margaret. W., S.

THEATRES

ALDWYCH. Over 375 Perfs. Tem. 6404.
8.30. Mats., WED. and SAT., at 2.30.
HOUSEMASTER
A Farcical Comedy by IAN HAY.

AMBASSADORS. Tem. Bar 1171.
Evgs. 8.30, Mats. Tues. and Fri., 2.30.
PEOPLE IN LOVE
["ENTERTAINS THE WHOLE WAY THROUGH"—*Star*.

CAMBRIDGE. (Tem. 6056.) 8.30. Th., Sat., 2.30.
THE FIRST LEGION
C. V. France. Franklin Dyall. Colin Keith-Johnston.
THE FIRST LEGION

COLISEUM, Charing X. Tem. 3161 (7 lines).
2.30 and 8.15 DAILY
ST. MORITZ
A NOVEL REAL ICE MUSICAL SPECTACLE.

COMEDY. Whi. 2578. Evgs., 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.
THE LAST STRAW
by Edward Percy and Reginald Denham.
LUCIE MANNHEIM. MARIUS GORING.

DRURY LANE. 8.15. Mats., Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
IVOR NOVELLO, DOROTHY DICKSON,
MARIE LOHR in
CREST OF THE WAVE.

DUCHESS, Catherine Street, W.C.2 (Tem. 8243).
8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30. 50th Perf., Sat. Oct. 9th.
JEAN FORBES-ROBERTSON in J. B. Priestley's
TIME AND THE CONWAYS

DUKE OF YORK'S. Temple Bar 5211.
Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Wed. and Sat., 2.30.
MARGARET RAWLINGS in
BLACK LIMELIGHT

GARRICK. (Tem. 4601.) 8.40. Mon., Thurs., 2.30.
"A. A. MILNE'S SPARKLING COMEDY."
SARAH SIMPLE
LEONORA CORBETT, A. R. WHATMORE, VIOLA LYEL.

HIS MAJESTY'S. (Whi. 6606.) EVGS., 8.15.
BALALAIKA A Musical Play.
Mats., WEDNESDAYS & SATURDAYS, 2.30.

LYRIC. (Gerrard 3686.)
Evgs., 8.30 sharp. Mats., Wed., Thurs., 2.30.
VICTORIA REGINA
by LAURENCE HOUSMAN

NEW. Tem. 3878. EVGS., 8.15 sharp.
MATS., WEDS. and SATS., at 2.30 sharp.
BONNET OVER THE WINDMILL.
By DODIE SMITH.

PLAYHOUSE. Over 615 Perfs. Whi. 7774.
Evgs., 8.30 (ex. Mon.). Wed., Thurs., Sat., at 2.30.
NANCY PRICE in
WHITEOAKS

QUEENS. (Ger. 4517.) 8.15 sharp. Wed., Sat., 2.30.
JOHN GIELGUD in
RICHARD II.
by William Shakespeare.

ROYALTY. (Ger. 7331.) 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.
I HAVE BEEN HERE BEFORE
by J. B. PRIESTLEY.
Wilfrid Lawson. Patricia Hilliard. Lewis Casson.

SAVOY. Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Mon., Fri., 2.30. Tem. 8883.
THE AMAZING
DR. CLITTERHOUSE. (LAST WEEK.)

ST. JAMES'S. Whi. 3903.
Evgs., 8.30 sharp. Mats., Wed., Thurs., 2.30.
OLD MUSIC
by KEITH WINTER.

STRAND. Tem. 2660. Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Tu., Th., 2.30.
ROBERTSON HARE. ALFRED DRAYTON in
"A SPOT OF BOTHER"
A New Farce by VERNON SYLVAINE.

VICTORIA PALACE. (Vic. 1317.) 8.30. W., S., 2.30.
BASIL FOSTER in
BUSMAN'S HONEYMOON.
The Famous Lord Peter Wimsey Detective Comedy.

WESTMINSTER. (Vic. 0283.) 8.30. W. & S., 2.30.
"YOUTH'S THE SEASON . . . ?"
A Tragi-Comedy of Dublin Life by Mary Manning.

WHITEHALL. (Whi. 6692.)
Evenings, 8.30. 1st Mat., Wed., Oct. 13, 2.30.
PLAYGOERS' GUILD present:—
THE DEAD HAND.

WYNDHAM'S. Tem. 3028, 3029.
EVGS., 8.30. MATS., WED. & SATS., at 2.30
"GEORGE and MARGARET."
COMEDY by GERALD SAVORY.

REPERTORY THEATRES

THE PLAYHOUSE, LIVERPOOL.
Evgs., 7.45. Mat., Sat. 2.30 p.m.
THE VENETIAN
by CLIFFORD BAX.

MANCHESTER REPERTORY THEATRE
Evenings at 7.30.
MARIGOLD
by W. ALLEN HARKER and F. R. PRYOR.

HULL. Little.
Evgs., 8. Mat., Sat., 5 p.m.
MILE AWAY MURDER
by ANTHONY ARMSTRONG.

FILMS

ACADEMY CINEMA, Oxford St. Ger. 2981
SACHA GUITRY in
his brilliant new comedy experiment
"LE ROMAN D'UN TRICHEUR" (A).
". . . Delightful insolence . . ."—*Evening Standard*.

EVERYMAN (Opp. Hampstead Tube Stn.) Ham. 2285.
MONDAY, 11th OCTOBER, for SEVEN DAYS.
LAST PERFORMANCES IN ENGLAND of
M (A)
Directed by FRITZ LANG with PETER LORRE.

ART EXHIBITIONS

EXHIBITION of Spanish Children's Drawings. Organised by Holborn and W.C. Committee for Spanish Medical Aid. Oct. 1st to 15th, 10 a.m. to 10 p.m., at 94 Wimpole Street, W.1. Admission Free.
Lectures to be held during Exhibition at 8.30.
Oct. 12th. EARL OF LISTOWEL: "Children's Drawings."
Oct. 15th. MRS. DORA RUSSELL: "Children and War."
And others.

LEICESTER GALLERIES, Leicester Sq. 10–6.
(1) Paintings by KISLING.
(2) Paintings and Water-colours by MARIE HOWET.
(3) Drawings by FRANCIS BUTTERFIELD.

DANCE

DANCE to support the Women's Committee against War and Fascism, at the Burlington Galleries, 3 Burlington Gardens, W.1. Saturday, October 9th, 7.30. 2s. 6d.

CHARGES FOR SMALL ADVERTISEMENTS

DETAILS of rates for single or a series of insertions will be found on p. 586 of this issue.

RESTAURANTS

WHAT'S left of the right people and what's right of the left people all meet at RULES, Maiden Lane, for Lunch, Dinner or late Supper (licensed till midnight). Estd. 1780.

GIVE your Sherry Party at The Book WINE RESTAURANT, facing British Museum, where you can also read "THE NEW STATESMAN" and take out a subscription. Mus. 6428.

DINNER

SOCIETY FOR CULTURAL RELATIONS WITH THE U.S.S.R.

Annual "WE HAVE BEEN TO RUSSIA" dinner. Café Royal, Regent Street, London, W.1. Friday, October 22nd, 7.30 for 8 p.m. Sir Charles Trevelyan, Dr. E. B. Bailey (Geological Survey), Mr. John Lehmann, Mr. J. E. Whittaker. Tickets 10s. 6d. each, from S. C. R., 98 Gower Street, W.C.1.

PERSONAL

ACCOMMODATION offered to girl to share with another comfortable self-contained flat, West Hampstead. Own rooms, one guinea per week. Ring MAI 2179 before 10 a.m. or after 7 p.m.

A WOMAN (28) seeks 2 unfurnished rooms in flat (near Heath) of progressive individual. Box 136, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

WANTED, one or two people to share with young couple, self-contained flat in North London district. Box 121, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

CORONATION Commentary for Sale. Clean. What offers. HELEN, c/o Bookstall, Bexhill.

NUDIST CLUB, Central London, both sexes. Artificial sun. Also woodland Sun-Park. Box 731, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

YOU will find personality and sincerity rather than glamour in a portrait by ANTHONY PANTING, Studio 5, Paddington Street, W.1. WEL 4950.

MISCELLANEOUS

FOR SALE (owing to unavoidable circumstances), an upright grand pianoforte in mahogany and inlaid marqueterie case by Fenrich, Leipzic. Wonderful tone and in perfect condition. Cost £100. Lowest price, £35. Apply Box 133, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

OVERBECK REJUVENATOR, as new; also Infra-red home treatment appliance, cheap. SANSOM, 37 Fortescue Road, Bournemouth.

WINTER UNDERWEAR—GREAT OPPORTUNITY FOR THRIFTY BUYERS! Fine quality, comfortable, long-lasting; yet lower than any shop prices, because sold direct from Makers. Saves you shillings in the £. Write for Free Patterns and Illustrated Catalogue of lovely "B-P" Underwear. Every style and size, for Women, Children, Men. Pure Wool, Mixtures, Art Silk. COMPLETE SATISFACTION GUARANTEED. Write BIRKETT & PHILLIPS LTD., Dept. N.S., Union Road, Nottingham

HAVE YOU COCKROACHES? Then buy "BLATTIS" UNION COCKROACH PASTE universally and successfully used in all parts of the Globe, extermination guaranteed; from Chemists, Boots' Branches, Stores, or Sole Makers: Howarth's, 473 Crookesmoor, Sheffield. Tins, 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d. post free.

NEW SUITS FOR OLD.—Send your favourite suit or Sports jacket and we will copy it exactly in any of our John Peel Tweeds. Send for patterns, post free. Prices, complete suit, 97s. 6d.; Jacket, 57s. 6d. S. REDMAYNE & SONS, LTD., No. 10 Wigton, Cumberland.

ATHEENIC Scotch Woven Underwear—Finest Wool, Silk and Wool, Indian Gauze, Unshrinkable. Also Knitwear. By post direct from Makers. Patterns and prices post free. Dept. 16, ATHEENIC MILLS, Hawick, Scotland.

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